

THE Saturday Journal

A POPULAR PAPER FOR PLEASURE & PROFIT

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by BEADLE AND COMPANY, in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

Vol. I. No. 5.

BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,
98 William Street.

NEW YORK, APRIL 16, 1870.

Terms, \$2 50 Per Annum, in Advance,
\$1 25 for Six Months.

Price 5 Cents.

The Ebon Mask: OR, THE MYSTERIOUS GUARDIAN.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

AUTHOR OF THE "SCARLET CRESSANT," "INJURED WIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE JEALOUS LOVER.

It was a lovely winter morning in the year 177—, and the young town of Pensacola in the beautiful "land of flowers," lay, green and fair, bathed in the early sunlight of that February morning. Not half a score of years had passed since the settlement of the village, yet it already wore an air of comfort and prosperity. Many stately dwellings were erected, and the inhabitants secure and content in their southern home, where the flowers ever bloom, and the air comes balmy and spicy, laden with a thousand sweets.

Upon a slight eminence, a little to the left of the town, stood a residence more pretentious in style, and more imposing in appearance than any of its neighbors. Tall cedars, and the fragrant aniseed grew side by side, while the oranges, palms, and lovely bay-trees intermingled their beautiful foliage, and sheltered the house from the heat.

On three sides were shade and perfume; the fourth commanded a view of the limpid waters of the bay; and the cool air of the early morning was rendered still more refreshing by the breeze off the waters.

Standing upon an open space, scarce pretentious enough to be called a balcony, with eyes eagerly scanning the blue, broad expanse before him, was a man evidently forty years of age. His back is toward us, but, from the square and not ungraceful shoulders, tall, arrowy form, and raven hair, we should judge the face to be good; perhaps not handsome, but certainly pleasing.

He turns; there is impatience in his movement and gesture, and muttered words fall from his lips.

There, he is full before us, and we see his features. Handsome, are they not?

Those eyes are blacker than ebony, and large, lustrous and passionate. The brow is rather high, but the dark, half-curling locks seem to fall caressingly, rather than carelessly, over its white expanse. The mouth is haughty, and the lips curve proudly; but there is a certain something, at first sight indefinable, that impresses the gazer; a peculiar expression that betokens—what? Notice again the apparently faultless eyes, so brilliant and jetty. See you that sensuous gleam—a deep, almost hidden boldness? There, at the mouth again—yes, it is so—he, the handsome man, the elegant beau, is an accomplished deceiver, a practiced villain.

Again he approaches the window and scans the bay; his eyes grow fierce and angry; and he pushes his heavy black hair impatiently from his brow.

"Vexation! does the villainous rogue imagine I shall wait all day upon his laggard footsteps? A sound bastinado, if he arrives not within a quarter of an hour."

His voice was harsh, and when he spoke his face seemed to lose much of its beauty. Ten minutes he waited, now glancing anxiously without, then resuming his quick, impatient promenade. As he seemed about to leave his watch-post, he neared the window again; a quick, low cry escaped him, and he hastily raised his handkerchief to his face, then waving it twice, hung it upon a steel hook just outside the casement, where it slowly folded and unfolded, as the capricious breeze toyed with it.

Almost immediately below the window, and about anchoring, was a small boat, light and graceful. A single person occupied it, and he seemed awaiting something. The signal from the casement had been observed and replied to,

for a small flag flaunted from the stern-end of the canoe, and the boatman sat carelessly down, as if expecting more.

From the little turret, the impatient watcher turned to the door and passed down the stairway into the open entry below, and out upon the ground. With a firm step and expectant countenance, he walked rapidly down to the water's edge, where he met the solitary sailor.

"Well, and what news?"

The question was demanded, rather than asked.

"Poor news, I fear, sir. There were no tidings, and no one at all appeared to know any thing about him."

The scowl on the querist's face grew darker as he said:

"Curses on him! But did you go to the other place, Pinto?"

"Yes, sir; but I could not see the lady, so did not leave the message. I thought her mother seemed angry when I told her I desired to see—"

Further up the gentle eminence, and into the pleasant white house had gone Antonio Zarate, with the pale hue of baffled villainy in his sinister face.

"Contemptible rascal! He had better fly my vengeance, for he knows I am desperate. Little care I, if he ever sets foot upon Pensacola's shores again; but this I do care; he must not—shall not again see her. The lily-livered whelp, to dare aspire to her hand!"

By a violent effort he checked his anger, and rising, rung a small bell that stood upon a stand. A mehal answered his summons.

"Has Louis arrived yet?"

"Just this moment, sir, and is now without, awaiting your orders."

"Tell him to ride instantly to the block-house, and without delay give this billet to Lucas De Leon. Haste, and tell Louis if he is back in good time, a golden onza shall reward him for his trouble. Here, sirrah—the note."

He had hastily scribbled on a chance scrap of

"What?" interrupted De Leon, "Helene Valencia has a lover, and it is not you?"

His voice indicated extreme surprise.

"Yes, and that's just exactly it. I didn't know it myself until lately, but it's even so."

"Strange! You say he is a hunter, and on amicable terms with the Indians, too?"

"So I learn; and the fair Helene loves him."

De Leon was looking thoughtfully out the window.

"And you sent for me, Antonio, to assist you?"

"Exactly; will you do it?"

"How can I? What must I do?"

"Lucas," and the villainous face of Antonio Zarate bent close to his companion—"Lucas, there is such a word as *compulsion*."

His comrade smiled.

"I am aware of it; I understand such things, *mon amigo*. You know, in our country, beautiful Spain, such transactions are common. This wouldn't be the first one Antonio Zarate had a hand in, eh?"

A meaning smile was his reply.

"And you can do it, think you?"

"Without doubt."

"And how?"

"Plenty of time, and plenty of opportunities. Patience is the essential quality in my case."

"And as to the whereabouts of this lover?"

"Ah, that is just what I would like to know. Mysterious, of course, in all his movements. He heard I had sworn to kill him—so Pepe Pinto says—and preferring life to death, has suddenly disappeared."

"Of course, his lady-love is advised of his proceedings?"

"I know not; but if I could learn his wild haunts, I would have him arrested and confined under some pretext or other."

"Can't you find him?"

"I might, possibly. I have a trusty follower, a servant I brought with me, who can be relied upon most implicitly. He was accustomed to such errands, so would be no novice. I might send him, I suppose."

"You might, indeed. But, Antonio, I'd no idea the morning was so far advanced. I will be compelled to leave, for duty calls. Adios."

Together Lucas De Leon and the commandant left the room.

CHAPTER II.

THE UNWELCOME GUEST.

It was after sunset; the great golden orb had sunk to repose beneath the waves of the bay, while over its limpid waters still streamed a brilliant radiance, a bright line of light left by the departing luminary. The purple twilight was softly stealing on, and slowly but surely embracing the fragrant groves of aniseed, orange and myrtle. The tall palm-trees swayed in the wind, and from afar came the music of the breeze as it rippled through the cedars, or sung its dirge-like melody, while it disturbed the solemn quietness of gloomy cypresses.

The evening was but a type of many evenings in "linda Florida," cool, balmy, spicy, romantic.

Among a grove of orange trees stood a low frame cottage; no appliances of wealth marked it, but its every feature bore unmistakable evidence of refined taste. Before the low door, upon the green mossy earth, sat a creature

"Of face so fair,
Of form so rare,"

that one unconsciously gazed again to assure himself that she was a human being, and not an angel or fairy.

It was not in beauty of feature that Helene Valencia excelled all others; it was not that her eyes were brighter, deeper, clearer than any of the other village beauties, or that her lovely, jetty hair fell rippling over a fairer neck than theirs; it was not all this that impressed the observer with an indelible picture of her supe-



"GO, SIR, AND WHEN YOU MAKE HELENE YOUR BRIDE I WILL WISH YOU MUCH JOY. GO!"

"Silence, fool! Unsuccessful in both errands! Truly a valuable messenger! That will do for the present; repair to your quarters until I send for you."

With lowering brow and disappointment plainly written on every feature of his countenance, Antonio Zarate turned away to meditate and reflect upon his unsuccessful plans.

The boatman followed him with fiery gaze.

"Valuable messenger," indeed! And how could I or any one else help it? Didn't I go five miles further down the bay on purpose to see if I could learn of him? And if I didn't beg the lady to let me see her daughter, then I don't know what begging is. 'Valuable messenger!' If the brave lieutenant commanding isn't careful, he'll find Pepe Pinto a different sort of messenger from what he expects."

The messenger, Pepe Pinto, had anchored his boat, and secured it still further by tying it to a short mangrove tree, while the bitter words passed his lips; and now, as he started toward his "quarters," to which he was ordered, he saw his officer, just as he entered the doorway; and again the anger burst forth in words:

Go on, señor commandanté, in your wickedness, for the day will come—the day of retribution! You think to win her, the beautiful Florida blossom, but you can't; no, you can never woo her from her first love—her true lover. And the brave hunter can laugh at you, and Pepe Pinto can laugh, too, for he knows more than you think he does. Ha! ha! Señor Antonio Zarate, noble sir commandanté, with all your charms, you will not succeed, now nor never!"

The excited youth had reached his barrack, and passed out of sight through the entrance-way.

paper a line. The servant took it, bowed servilely, and departed.

The officer lighted his cigarrito, and, not having breakfasted, rung for his meal. It was brought, and eating it, he resumed his smoking.

Not long did he await the coming of De Leon, for it scarce seemed possible that the boy Louis had reached the block-house, ere he returned, accompanied by a horseman, who, as he galloped through the gateway, flung the reins to his guide, at the same time tossing him a coin.

"What, Lucas, so soon? I surely promised Louis the onza if he returned quickly; but this is worth double that, for it exceeds speed. Come, draw up and take a glass of wine to refresh you after your ride."

"Thanks, Antonio. What capital wine you keep! Now, my cigar is lighted, and I am curious to hear the tid-bit of news promised in the brief note."

"No 'tid-bit,' Lucas, if by that you mean a choice morsel; far from it, *mon amigo*. Rather a big lump of vexation, rage and mortification."

De Leon opened his eyes wider.

"Ah, I comprehend—and I don't wonder. You mean the beautiful Helene Valencia?"

"The same; and you speak truly when you call her beautiful. Those eyes and ringlets are enough to set any head turning, be it a wise one or a weak."

"They can upset a wise one, that is clear," laughed De Leon, carelessly loosening the ashes from the tip of his cigar. "But seriously, Antonio, what is it that so troubles you?"

"You know her lover, the hunter and friend of the Indians? Well—"

rior beauty; it was the pure soul, the gentle disposition, marked in every character of her face, in every lineament of her features.

Pure, gentle and loving, Helene Valencia was an object to love and to be loved.

And she did love, and was loved. Julian St. John, the fair-haired hunter, although not a native of sunny Florida, Helene's adopted home, was her chosen—the one to whom she had given all her young heart's devotion; and well worthy was he of the affection bestowed upon him.

She sat alone before the humble doorway, gazing upon the brilliant evening star, that hung shimmering in the sky, when a gentle touch on the arm aroused her from her slight reverie. She started and turned.

"Oh, Pepe, is it you? How you startled me."

"Beg your pardon, señorita; but I am in great haste to regain my quarters before Colonel Zarate discovers my absence."

"What, are you away again without leave?"

"Again, lady? Were I to wait for permission to come here, I'd never get it. You don't know señor commandanté so well as I do."

"I suppose not: yet for all that I am assured he is a bad man. Pepe, did you bring me my message?"

The color, deepening on her face, betrayed her anxiety.

"Yes, señorita; here it is."

"And you saw Julian?"

"I did not; but found the note in the usual place, under the same stone. I hope the young master is well and safe?"

Her quick eye had read the tiny billet, and as she refolded it, came her reply.

"Physically well, yes; but hunted and driven like a beast. What has he done, Pepe, so fearful?"

"Does the señorita know his enemies are personal foes, pursuing him from personal reasons and dislikes?"

Helene's face paled, and a murmured "Heaven save him," fell from her lips.

"Pepe, my friend, I will reply to this note, and will you see about giving it to him? Sit down a moment while I write it."

"Please hasten, for, should my absence be known, the consequences might not be remarkably pleasant."

The Spanish girl's figure disappeared, and Pepe Pinto sat alone in Señora Valencia's doorway—Pepe Pinto, the colonel's "valuable messenger!"

Even so; Pepe Pinto, the soldier, the commandant's servant, his orderly, was a spy upon his officer's conduct. Well he knew of Antonio Zarate's passion for the beautiful Helene, of his deep hatred and jealousy of the accepted lover, Julian. He played his part well, and when the villainous officer told him to search after the fortunate rival, and bring news of his whereabouts, it was a very easy matter to return from an apparently fruitless inquiry; while at the same time it was quite as easy to carry a message from Helene and bring a reply.

Then, too, when ordered to stop at the dwelling of the lady, and demand an answer to his questions, it was only a pleasant errand to step in, tarry a while, and return with the message:

"Doña Valencia denies any right of Señor Zarate to question her, or her daughter, regarding persons in whom Señor Zarate can have no possible interest."

Blind to every thing but his own wicked purposes, Antonio Zarate never suspected his apparently trusty servant, and laid his plans in fancied security.

Sent by the Spanish Government with a body of soldiers, and accompanied by nearly fifty families, he had come to America, and, under the direction of the Spanish authorities, who then held Florida, settled upon the shores of Pensacola Bay, christening their little town by the same softly-flowing name. Here, despite occasional attacks by the white man's enemies—the terrible Seminoles—the young settlement flourished, and in less than ten years after its birth numbered nearly four thousand inhabitants, many American, some pure Spanish, but more *Spano-Americano*, or half-breeds.

Julian St. John was an American—a North American; but a residence of eight years in the Spanish settlement had changed his appearance somewhat, while in custom and habit he remained true to nature.

At the block-house, where were stationed the troops, under command of Colonel Zarate, all was gaiety and animation. The wine ran in red streams, and loud oaths mingled with shouts of drunken laughter. The mirth was not unusual, for among the officers revels were of nightly occurrence. Piles of Spanish currency lay on the table; beside them, soiled cards and glittering dice.

Somewhat apart from the noisy group sat the commandanté, his restless gaze bent toward the west. Directly he arose, and donning his military hat, and drinking a glass of fragrant lemonade to remove from his breath all traces of cigar scent, strolled out the gateway, and down the shaded road to a small white cottage.

His summons was answered by a tall, dignified lady.

"Ah, señora, I bid you a very good-evening; and your charming daughter also. Am I intruding? I hope not, for I had promised myself a pleasant chat with Señora Valencia."

"Be seated, señor, although the poor cabin affords few comforts to one accustomed to luxuries."

The lady's tone was cold and distant; but the determined lover was not to be thus repelled.

"Did I not see your daughter as I came in? I imagined so."

"She was here, but left the room to attend to a caller just before your arrival."

At this moment, low tones were heard from the adjoining room, near the rear entrance.

"Pepe, go; be quick! Your master is here now, and you must not tarry. Remember, tomorrow at sunset, be at the orange grove. Adios."

"Hold, rogue, villain! What do you here?"

It was Colonel Zarate who spoke. He had heard the name "Pepe," low as it was spoken,

and, forgetful of good-breeding, had darted to the back-door, just in time to see his servant depart.

The secret heart of Pepe Pinto was rejoiced at his being discovered. Long had he wished for an opportunity to free himself from his severe superior in command, but, as yet, no chance had presented itself. But now, were he again to fall into the hands of the cruel commandanté, his fate would certainly be imprisonment, probably worse.

Of course he would never return to his barracks to meet that punishment. He was then free, though a deserter. But what of that? Once away, he would join his friend, Julian St. John, and together they would roam the forests, bidding defiance to the colonel and his chivalric followers—a set of privileged deserters, gamblers, murderers, although in the service of the great Philip.

"What do I here? My business, sir, which is none of yours."

"Silence. Do you dare to reply thus to me?"

No reply was vouchsafed him, and again he asked:

"Do you dare, I say, speak thus to me?"

"I do dare! What or who are you, that I should care for you? From this hour you number Pepe Pinto no more as one of your tools. I go, I fly; not so much to escape your vengeance as to aid the hunter in foiling you and your spies. Ha! ha! Colonel Zarate! Pepe knows a little more than you think for! Adios, noble sir; do not fear, you will see me again."

Laughing scornfully, he sprang away, leaving the trio in mute amazement. Rage empurpled Zarate's countenance, as he turned to Doña Valencia.

"What does it mean? I demand to know. Tell me."

"When Señor Zarate so far forgets himself as to speak thus, he can scarcely expect an answer."

The lady's voice was calm and dignified, but it only increased his ire.

"And you, girl, are in league with the vilest rascal on the face of the earth. But you will be foiled. Julian St. John never shall wed with you; and before many days Helene Valencia shall be the bride of the commandanté."

The girl was pale, but collected. She pointed to the open door.

"There, sir, is the way. My mother and I prefer our own society to that of a villain and a coward. Go, sir, and when you make Helene your bride, I will wish you much joy. Go!"

Together with her mother she left the room, passing to their bedroom and securing the door. The officer was left alone, standing in the deserted apartment. For a moment only did he thus wait, then, striding angrily out, returned to the block-house, to chew the bitter cud of revenge and baffled villainy.

Not half an hour later, stealing through the green thicket, was a figure, its bright eyes gleaming in the starlight, and the long, heavy tresses of ebony hair rolling down the neck and shoulders in rippling waves. With anxious eyes the woman scanned the low, thatched cottage, and then, as if satisfied with the reconnaissance, stole more boldly along till she came directly under an open casement, in which the moonbeams poured, revealing the figure of a young girl, attired in a loose flowing garment of white. The woman's wild eyes were peering at the fair face while she spoke:

"Ah, Forest-Bird, you have folded your wings, but the night-hawk is prowling yet. Little one, the enemy is abroad."

Helene started, but regained her composure.

"Oh, Niña, are you there? Wait a moment while I come down and unbar the door."

"No, no; let the bolts and bars be. Niña wants no roof to rest under; the blue sky is her canopy, and the green savannas her couch. But the Southern Blossom, the brilliant Forest-Bird needs protection, for the enemy is prowling."

"Enemies have I, Niña? And what have I done that foes should lie in wait for me?"

"What does the innocent doe, that the trap should be laid, or the little bird that the net should be spread?"

The young girl's face grew thoughtful, for she remembered the threat.

"If the snare is laid, how can I escape?"

The woman's eyes flashed; she drew herself to her full height, and proudly replied:

"Does the Forest-Bird forget she has Niña for her friend? and Niña, the 'Wild Wanderer,' never forgets a friend!"

"Thanks, thanks, and Helene is proud of her champion. She will never fear."

"And the hunter has a strong arm and a stout heart to defend the maiden! But, beware of him that comes when the sun is gone down; whose eyes are black, and shining, and full of evil. Beware, Bird of the Forest, of the fowler who shall fix the net! But, remember, Niña is a true friend, and the hunter-lover has strong arms and a warm heart!"

Stealthily and carefully the strange creature crept away from Helene's presence, burying herself in the magnolia thickets; while to the young girl's ear was wafted back the song:

"Fear not, fear not, one heart is true. One arm will bear thee safely through; One heart beats so true and warm, To guard thee from all ill and harm."

The tones died away in the distance, and all was still again; but the maiden's heart was troubled. The fierce threat of the despised and unsuccessful rival was fresh in her memory; not that she feared for herself, but, oh, if Pepe had told her truly when he said, Julian would surely die if the commandanté found him!

The assuring words of Niña—the poor, half-crazed creature, who, since the settlement had been founded, had wandered, unmolested—comforted her, and in a short time she fell into a quiet slumber, the words of the love-song chanted by the departing singer still ringing in her ears and coming again in her dreams.

(To be continued.)

A Chinaman thus describes a trial in the English law courts: "One man is quite silent, another talks all the time, and twelve wise men condemn the man who has not said a word."

Hand, Not Heart: OR, THE DOUBLE BETROTHAL.

BY LENNOX WYLDER.
(THE ROM DE PLUME OF A CELEBRATED AMERICAN AUTHOR.)

CHAPTER XV. ANOTHER OLD LEAF.

NIGHT in a foreign capital—the streets lighted here and there with flaring gas-lamps—a drizzling rain coming down—the shop-windows dim and misty—pedestrians few.

The hour was ten o'clock.

Two young men stood together at the steps of the theater. The drop-scene was down for the last act, and the young men had made their way out of the crowded place to the more congenial atmosphere of the streets—more congenial, because purer, and to be preferred to the stifling air of the crowded theater, despite the rain which was falling fast in a thick, penetrating mist.

"Come, Harry," said the taller of the two, speaking in English. "Come, the call-bell has sounded. Let us enter," and taking his companion by the arm, he turned, and was about to reënter the place.

"What time is it, Clavis?" asked the other, suddenly, not moving at all.

"Just ten, Harry; but come, hurry in; they have a queer way here in Germany of taking possession of your seat if you are not in it when the curtain goes up. Come along; I hear the bell again."

Still the other paused. There was trouble upon his face; he was undecided.

"I can not go back, Clavis; I have an engagement," he said, hesitating at the close of the sentence, and turning as if to go.

"An engagement, Harry? Why, I made this engagement with you a week ago. I certainly expected that you would spend the entire evening with me," and Clavis Warne looked very grave.

"I am sorry—very sorry; but, Clavis, I can not help it. I promised—why, I promised the colonel to drop around to his rooms and smoke a cigar."

"The colonel? I am a little surprised, Harry; but when did you make such a promise as this?"

Harry Waring paused again, and looked around him with an air of vexation. But he knew that Clavis Warne's eyes were bent upon him.

"Well, Clavis, I promised the colonel last night, and—"

"Last night! Why, my dear fellow, to tell the truth, you do not seem to care for me, or for my company!" said Clavis Warne, a little bitterly. "Please to remember, your engagement with me lasts through this evening, and that it was made a whole week since!"

"I can not help it, Clavis," said the other, a little tartly. "I must go."

Again he turned; but Clavis Warne laid his hand firmly upon his arm.

"Stay a moment or so, Harry—just a moment or so," he continued, seeing the frown that came upon the face of Harry Waring. "Pardon me, my dear fellow; you know that I am a friend to you—a warm and a sincere friend. You can not doubt it, and—"

"I do not doubt it, Clavis," said the other, half smiling; "but what has this to do with my meeting Colonel Thornton, this evening, for an hour?"

"It has a great deal to do with it, Harry," was the prompt reply—"a great deal, which may result to your interest, if you follow my advice," and he bent his eyes steadily, but kindly, on the countenance of the other.

Harry Waring's face slightly flushed under that scrutiny.

"I am well aware, Clavis," he said, somewhat bitterly, "that you do not like Colonel Thornton; but that is no reason why others should not! I have found him a clever gentleman, and a whole-souled, generous-hearted countryman."

"Granted—granted, Harry," replied the other, still kindly, though his face reddened slightly. "But I am more of a friend to you than you are to Colonel Thornton, or he to you—remember that! And now, Harry, I will tell you in a few words why I am anxious about you in regard to your relations with that man."

He paused, and looked at the other; but Harry Waring bent his eyes on the ground.

"Colonel Thornton is a notorious gambler, Harry, and his reputation for honesty and fair-dealing is not—"

"By Jove, Clavis, this is too much! I can not listen to such words, concerning a gentleman with whom I associate," was the hot interruption.

Clavis Warne's forehead wrinkled into a dark frown, and for a moment he bit viciously at the ends of his long mustache. But he controlled himself, as he said, quietly:

"What I said, Harry, I can substantiate, and what I said was spoken for your benefit. But I shall not dissuade you further. Good-night."

With that, the young man turned and reëntered the theater, while Harry Waring, without making any answer to the words spoken, left the brilliant lights in front of the theater, and hurrying away, was soon lost in the gloom of the street.

Another figure had hung upon the steps of the other two, every foot of the way, from the rooms in the fashionable thoroughfare to the small, unpretending house far away, on a little by-street in a disreputable quarter of the city. And when the figures walking in front had disappeared within the house, the other, lagging behind, after waiting a moment or so, entered likewise.

The wind was still flaring the street-lamps, and the drizzling rain, fine and penetrating, came ceaseless down.

Away to the rear of that house, on the second story, was a large and brilliantly-lit room. In it, seated at a table in the further end, were two persons playing cards, and two large piles of money were upon the table.

Card after card went down, and the piles were swept away again and again. Still, they ever rose to fill the place of those lost and won.

The large, portly, benevolent-looking man, with the gold eye-glasses, invariably won. Still the other drew forth his gold and staked it, unflinchingly, upon the hazardous game. No others were present in the room except the bartender, half nodding behind the glittering array of cut-glass on his counter and upon his shelves.

Again another pile was swept away by the dexterous colonel. But, as he drew the money, rather hurriedly, toward him, several cards fell from his coat-sleeve.

In an instant the younger of the two men sprang upon his feet, and grasping the other by the collar, exclaimed:

"Give me back my money, you cheating villain!"

The older man started back, as a wild frown spread over his face.

"That for your words!" he suddenly hissed, at the same time drawing a knife from his bosom, and driving it vengefully full into the chest of the other.

With a wild cry, the young man flung his hands in the air, and fell to the floor; the warm red blood flying forth, as the murderous blade was withdrawn.

At that moment Clavis Warne rushed into the apartment.

Before, however, he could reach the side of his fallen friend, the murderer struck him a violent blow with a chair and sent him reeling to the floor. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, the gambler had disappeared down the gloomy stairway.

Slowly Clavis Warne recovered his senses, and creeping up to the motionless figure of his bosom friend, he gazed at him. He started, as if struck with a knife. Then kneeling on the floor, he lifted his eyes above and said, in a deep, stern voice:

"One day, Ralph Thornton, I swear to be even with you! So help me God!"

Harry Waring, young and gifted, was dead.

CHAPTER XVI. IN THE CEMETERY.

A DARK shade passed over Delaney Howe's face, as he heard the rap on the door. He did not move, and he laid his hand on his old mother's arm, as she was hurrying by to answer the summons.

The old woman glanced at him inquiringly.

Again the rap sounded on the panel, this time very distinct and loud, conveying in its echo something which seemed threatening.

Then Delaney Howe, with a frown on his face, strode forward and opened the door.

He started back as he saw who stood without.

"Ah, Sainty, is it you?" he exclaimed, in a relieved tone. "Will you come in?" and he threw the door wide open as if to welcome his guest.

"No, Delaney. I want to see you at once, privately," was the rude, gruff answer of Mr. Arlington, who, glancing in the room, saw the old woman with her eyes fixed upon him.

He drew back.

"What's your business, Sainty?" asked the other, coolly, at the same time bending a suspicious glance upon him who had called.

"I'll tell you when I can see you alone—when only your ears can hear what I have to say," was the cautious reply, given at a low breath.

"Is it about what we spoke of last night, Sainty—about the job for to-night?" and the other stepped outside to listen to the answer.

"No, not exactly; but get your hat, and come to the cemetery," was the reply. "I will await you there," and Mr. Arlington moved off, as he spoke, taking it for granted that the other would follow.

Delaney Howe gazed after him as he walked away, and there was something more and more suspicious in his gaze. Then a hard smile passed over his red face, as he muttered:

"Sainty misses something, I think! He comes to me to get it, and I have it not! Sainty is a rough customer at times, and he may take liberties with me! Well, he'll catch a severe cold, that's all, if he goes too far! But, I wish that book was in my hands! I could then draw with a little more freedom! But, I'll go and see him."

He again went into the house. His old mother met him.

"Oh, my darling son, shun that man!" she said, in a low, entreating tone. "I saw his face—I know him!"

"Mother, let me alone! Mr. Arlington comes to see me on business, and you must not interfere. I know what I am doing!" was the rude reply.

"Oh, Delaney, my son, I feel that harm will come to you, if you persist in going with that man! He is rich. Whatever we were, we are not rich now! Oh, my dear boy, for your old mother's sake, for the sake of—"

"Out of my way, mother, and be done with it!" was the heartless reply, as he shoved her suddenly to one side, and strode out of the room.

With a sad wail the poor old woman reeled away under the heavy blow, and sunk, with a muttering sob, in a chair.

"My God! and has it come to this? And he, my first-born!"

Just then the sufferer lying on the bed moaned in her uneasy slumber and turned upon her side. Her lips parted, and a smile of seraphic sweetness played over the beautiful mouth. She murmured:

"Clavis! Clavis! Come back again to me!"

And then, in an instant, the sweet smile had gone, and an iron sternness stamped her features, as if in death.

"Yes, yes, poor child! Always dreaming of him who toyed with you and crushed your young heart! Alas, poor thing! he will never come back to you! Alas! alas!" and the poor old mother bent her head, and sobbed gently to herself.

An almost sacred silence fell upon that humble home of poverty.

Delaney Howe felt in his bosom cautiously,

as he left the door to follow St. Clair Arlington, who, seated negligently on a broad slab of granite in the cemetery, awaited him; and a smile passed over the young man's face as he muttered:

"The book has gone: but, *the knife is there, and that is what he seeks!* He'll be a better man than I if he gets that."

In a few moments Delaney Howe stood by St. Clair Arlington. There was a dark frown on the rich man's face, and an ominous flash in the deep glittering orbs behind his bright eyeglasses. He sat for a moment, without speaking; then, looking up, he said:

"You slept in my library last night." His words were menacing.

"Your library, eh? I slept in the library of the Arlington mansion, Sainty—yes," was the cool reply. "You see, I was afraid another cloud might come up, and another flash of lightning might shock—somebody!"

Arlington's face paled for a moment; but, with a sickly smile, he said:

"A truce to such nonsense, Delaney! But," and his voice grew hard, "you slept in the library last night, and—"

"Nobody knows that better than I do! Go ahead; you have said that twice," was the reply.

"When I left the room there was a very important book in my secretary. When you left, there was no such book! Give it to me, Delaney Howe, or I'll send a bullet through your head!"

As he spoke, he leaped to his feet in the twinkling of an eye. In a moment he had seized the other by the collar, and pressed the barrel of a pistol to his temple.

But he was not quicker in his movements than was Delaney Howe. No sooner had he caught the flash of St. Clair Arlington's eyes behind the glittering glasses, than, in a moment, a long gleaming blade twinkled in his hand. With his left hand he clutched the right of Arlington, which held the pistol, and bent it down like a feather. Then the keen point of the dagger scratched the rich man's throat.

A deathly pallor spread like wind over St. Clair Arlington's face; his eyes seemed to start from their sockets, his limbs shook beneath him. He was in the grasp of a young giant.

"Drop that pistol, Sainty! Drop it, or I'll cut your windpipe! Hurry, I say, Sainty! I am in earnest!" and he pressed on the knife, till the rich red blood trickled down on his spotless shirt-front.

That pressure was a powerful argument. St. Clair Arlington could not withstand its potency. He dropped the pistol to the soft, wet earth without a word.

"Very good, Sainty! Now, I'll let you go! and if you will ask me a decent question, and await a respectful answer, I'll tell you that I know nothing about your book. I'll do more; I'll swear solemnly, I know no more where it is this minute than do you! There, will that do?"

Speaking thus, he released his grip on the other, and with a half-shove, sent him reeling backward.

"And I'll tell you another thing, Sainty," resumed the young man, at the same time stooping and picking up the pistol, from which, at once, he proceeded to remove the cap. "If you ever again try a trick of that sort on me, why, I'll just step over to the village, and have a little talk with a constable, eh? Do you see? Here, take your pistol!" and he tossed the weapon toward his companion.

Arlington made no reply. He caught the pistol and placed it in his pocket; then he felt his throat, which was stinging him a little. Then he seated himself on the grave-stone again.

Several moments passed in silence. At length, however, Arlington said:

"I believe you, Delaney. But, that book has gone! I fancied you wanted it as evidence against me. You know the *scrap*—the *will*—came from that book! We can not afford to lose it, Delaney! I tell you, with that book gone, why our profits cease!"

He spoke very seriously. Delaney Howe reflected for a moment; he saw the truth of what the other had spoken; but he knew of no remedy for the evil. So he said nothing.

"Well, if that's your business, Sainty, it is now over; and I have not had my breakfast yet. I must go over to the village. Dora is ill, and I must summon the doctor. And he, who tarries in the Arlington mansion—he has broken her poor heart."

As he spoke, a fearful frown came to Delaney's face. He clenched his hand, and a bitter oath broke from his lips.

St. Clair Arlington glanced at him; a smile passed over his face.

"Clavis Warne has deeply wronged you and yours, Delaney, you know how!" he said, in a low, hissing voice; "and he is no friend of mine! He holds secrets! And, *mind you, Delaney*, do not forget that Clavis Warne sleeps to-night at the Arlington mansion! Good-by."

"Depend upon me; I'll not forget it!" was the reply.

The men parted—St. Clair Arlington hastening back over the plain toward his aristocratic old dwelling, and Delaney Howe turning again to his own humble home.

As the young man entered the door, his poor old mother again met him. As she threw her arms around his neck, a letter fluttered from her bosom and fell to the floor. Delaney Howe caught it with his foot, and, stooping, picked it up. His face crimsoned; then, as he turned it over, a dark flush came to his cheek.

"This letter has been opened, mother!" he said, in a threatening tone. "It is for me! Beware! beware! how you trifle with me!"

With that, he opened and read the communication. His face was covered with an ominous scowl as he finished it, and bent his gaze again on his mother.

Then, without a word, without a glance at her entreating face, without even a look toward the tempting breakfast, which the poor old mother had so daintily and lovingly prepared for him, he turned and left the house.

That morning, when the humane physician came, he shook his head seriously as he noted

the red cheek, the labored breathing, and the bounding pulse of his patient.

Promising to call in the evening, he left.

That afternoon, toward sunset, Delaney Howe emerged from the village, where he had passed the day, and took his way rapidly toward a neighboring forest, that grew to the east.

No one noticed him.

CHAPTER XVII.

HEART-SECRETS AND SUFFERINGS.

CLAVIS WARNE had just time to force the letter back into his bosom when the door opened. The mellow sunlight of this warm July day was pouring in through the open window; it streamed full on the pale, haggard face of her who had entered.

With a low cry of joy, the young man sprang forward, and, in another moment, had drawn to his bosom the fainting form of Agnes Arlington. For several moments no word was spoken. Each of the loving hearts seemed to be holding soft communion with itself.

At length, however, Clavis Warne gently disengaged his arm from her neck, and holding her at a short distance, gazed her in the face, his eyes glowing with a radiant, unextinguishable love-light, his chest heaving with a wild emotion.

Then the maiden raised her soft eyes to his, and murmured, in a low, sweet voice:

"Oh! the angels be thanked, Clavis, that I see you again!"

But, as she uttered the words, a deadly pallor came to her already haggard face, and a wild thrill shot through her frame. She staggered back. In an instant Clavis, with his strong unwounded arm, caught her and prevented her from falling.

"What is this, Agnes, my love?" he murmured, in a gentle voice, as he tenderly assisted her to a seat. The girl started back with a shudder; she seemed to repel his kindness—to shrink away from him.

But, gently forcing her into a chair, he sat down by her.

"I thank heaven, my sweet one," he said, in a low, musical voice, "that I have been permitted to see you again, to press your hand, to look upon you, and to know that you are still mine!"

The girl shrunk again from him, as he uttered these warm words of affection; but he paid no heed to it, and continued:

"I know, darling, that long years have rolled by since we met—since that night, long ago, when, beneath the gloomy shade of the old poplar on the plain, we pledged our parting vows. And ever, since then, sweet one, though I have been absent from you, my heart has warmed for you! Love for no other woman has ever thrilled my heart! And I have longed for you, dearest—longed, even for a single item of news of you! Oh! darling, you know that your father, years ago, forbade me his house, and I knew not, Agnes, that the poor old man was no more! Pardon me, my love, if my words give you pain, and—"

"There—there, Clavis! Speak no more now on that subject! I can not hear it. Pity me, and—"

She hesitated, and bent her head—bent it so low that the glorious cloud of golden ringlets fell in the lap and upon the throbbing hand of him who sat before her. And Clavis placed that hand tenderly upon the glittering, aureate ringlets.

But, as if an adder had stung her, Agnes Arlington raised her head, and suddenly drew away again from him.

"Am I distasteful to you, Agnes?" he asked, as an expression of poignant pain shot over his face, and a large tear stood in his eye.

"No, no, Clavis! Oh, no, darling! And yet, spare me, Clavis!" and again her head went down.

The young man, with wonder, surprise, fear, and trouble, all showing in his face, bent his eyes upon her; but he spoke no word—made no movement.

Several moments passed, neither speaking.

Then Agnes Arlington looked up; her tears had ceased to flow, and she sat quiet and calm, as if, by some powerful effort, she had forced a peace of mind, even as her face was now emotionless and composed.

"I did not think *such* would be our meeting, Clavis!" she said, in a clear, audible voice. "I had long since mourned you as lost to me, forever! When you went away beyond the broad seas, without even bidding me a last farewell, my yearning heart was well-nigh broken!"

And, Clavis, I learned *why* you went away! I did not blame you; I knew, Clavis, that Dora Howe loved you, and that you, at one time, hinted that you were not indifferent to her. Nay, Clavis, do not interrupt me, for I know that, *in the end*, you were still true to me! And, I know, too, Clavis, that Dora, poor girl! was worthy of your love! Poor thing! she is not *now* what she was, and—"

"What mean you, Agnes?" and the young man bent his eyes eagerly upon her.

Agnes Arlington started at the vehemence of these words; a slight flush mantled her cheek, and a quick, agonizing expression shot over her brow. But she recovered herself and replied, in a low tone:

"I mean, Clavis, that Dora has faded wonderfully since then! And then, she—her family—has been reduced to poverty, and that, alas! poor Dora is now a maniac!"

"A maniac? No! no! Say it not, Agnes. This can not be!"

"Alas, only too true, Clavis!" and a choking sensation stifled her words.

Clavis Warne sprang to his feet, and, heedless of the presence of her who sat there watching him with tear-bedimmed eyes, strode up and down the room with anxious, nervous step. His mind was traveling back to that wild wintry night, of snow and northwind, in the great city—that gray, gloomed eve, when, in his quiet rooms in Irving Place, he had crushed the heart of the gentle Dora Howe—crushed it as thoroughly as though it were trodden under a heel shod with iron. He was thinking of the thin-clad feet of that night—of the cold, wet shawl cover-

ing the frail form—thinking of the burning eyes—the eager, haggard face—thinking of that sacred moment when he pressed with his own the warm, yet almost bloodless lips of Dora Howe. There was a wild storm in Clavis Warne's bosom, for now the terrible truth had reached his ears, that poverty had laid its gaunt fingers upon the family who once lived in wealth and comfort—that reason had fled from the brain of her who had loved him so wildly, so tenaciously, so tenderly.

And he—the cause!

Was he the *innocent* cause? That was the question agitating his bosom now, as, heedless of the presence of her who sat there before him, he strode with quick stride up and down the room.

Agnes Arlington, in her own heart—her great woman's heart—knew well enough the weighty question that was rending his soul! And her brain reeled, as an answer came to that question, for, what was *she* now? In what relation stood she now to Clavis Warne?

That terrible oath rose up, like a grim phantom, before her.

Suddenly the young man paused; a change came over his face; the hard, stern expression passed away; softness and gentleness came there again, and a love-light sparkled in his eye as his gaze fell on the face and figure of Agnes Arlington.

He drew near her, and, seating himself by her side, took both her hands unresistingly in his.

"Listen to me a moment, and I will tell you what I have kept locked up in my bosom as a secret. But I see you know it partly, and I can not keep it from you—nor do I wish to do so. What I have to say can be told in a few words. Will you listen, Agnes, and then I will *pray* you to forgive me?"

The girl shivered, but answered at once:

"Say on, Clavis. I am listening."

The young man hesitated for a moment, but summoning up resolution, he turned to her and in a low voice, said:

"When I was studying, Agnes, in the city of New York, chance—nothing but chance—flung me in the way of Dora Howe. I met her at a select party. She told me that she lived in Laberton. That name was introduction enough for me; my darling Agnes, from whom I had just parted, lived there, likewise. I mentioned your name; she smiled with pleasure, and said she knew you well and loved you much! We met again. Dora Howe, at that time, Agnes, as you know, was wondrously beautiful and fascinating. I conceal nothing from you, darling. There was a loadstone attraction about her—a magnetism—a subtle yet mighty force, which, for a time (and she exercised it unwittingly), no one could resist. I did not forget you, darling—oh, no! Day and night I worshipped your image enshrined in my heart. But gradually, before I was aware, there arose along with yours, darling, another image, glorious and resplendent! Forgive me—forgive me, Agnes, if my words give you pain! I must tell the whole truth!"

Agnes Arlington bowed her head, but spoke no word.

"Time passed on," resumed the young man, speaking hurriedly, "and almost every day I found myself in Dora Howe's company. I was not forgetting you, Agnes, but I was learning to bow down before another shrine! One day, under an impulse I could not resist, I took her hand—Dora Howe's—in mine, and told her that I loved her! Ah, the misery which that little declaration has caused me! Then I learned how madly *she* loved me! I suddenly awoke. In the twinkling of an eye, I saw that I did *not* love Dora Howe. I saw the pit into which I had fallen, and I determined, at all events, to be honest, and to extricate myself from it. I, one night, told the poor thing the truth!" he continued, after a pause, in a voice scarcely audible from emotion. "And the memory of that night is seared deep in my brain! But, Agnes, I was ever true to you! I was misled; I did not know myself; but, before high heaven, I have ever been faithful to you!"

He closed.

A long pause followed. An ashen paleness now overspread the haggard face of Agnes Arlington. She seemed, of a sudden, to have recalled a half forgotten, hideous fact, and that again, Banquo-like, it was slowly rising before her.

She turned toward the young man, and lifted her eyes to his.

"I can not escape destiny!" she said, in an anguished tone. "I, too, have a secret, a *fearful* one, Clavis, which, considering the relation existing between us in the past, I must tell to you." She paused.

Clavis Warne, his face now aglow with excitement, his eyes flashing brightly, looked straight at her, earnestly and tenderly.

"Go on, Agnes, my love," he said, gently.

The girl still hesitated; but, at length taking courage, she began again.

"I thought, Clavis, that you had forgotten me, that you were forever lost to me! And, Clavis, I had reason! It has been long years since I heard a word from you; yet, I knew that, in the meantime, you had returned to your native land! Oh, Clavis, why have you tarried away from your affianced so long—your affianced—alas! *that was!* Do not interrupt me, Clavis. I came to tell you this, and to—"

She paused, and, as she mentioned that name, a convulsive shudder passed over her frame.

Clavis Warne's face, too, grew darker as that name fell upon his ear; but he was silent.

"Well, Clavis," she resumed, "that piece of paper gave my uncle *all* of my father's property—every bit of it—and his wealth in gold and silver was immense; and though no one knew where he kept it, yet, it seems, that my uncle has found it, for he spends money with a lavish hand. And I, Clavis, have *nothing!* I am as poor as unfortunate Dora Howe!"

Again she paused.

Clavis Warne started violently, and a peculiar look came to his eyes, a singular expression spread over his face. But he said nothing, and the girl again proceeded; this time, however, in a very low and tremulous voice.

"And Delaney Howe is my uncle's friend, and my uncle, at times, is very harsh and exacting toward me. And—" she paused for a moment—"and, Clavis, I am surrounded by peculiar circumstances—circumstances which control me, circumstances which blindfold my eyes and tie my hands! Oh! pity me, Clavis, when I tell you that, since you have been away, a dark shadow, and she instinctively drew away from him, 'has fallen at my feet. I have been unwary, and I have been snared!'"

She bent her head, and again her tears flowed freely.

"Snared, darling? What do you mean? Speak, Agnes, my love!" and he leaned down eagerly over her.

"I have met another, Clavis! Time and again has he been in my company! I could not help it, could not avoid him. And my uncle would have it so. And now, Clavis, be calm, for all hope is over! You come too late! Oh, dear life! too late! too late!"

And her sobs came waiving up from the bursting heart, one after another.

The young man rose tottering to his feet; his frame shook like an aspen leaf; the blood forsook his cheek; his eyes glared out, unmeaningly.

"What does this mean? Speak, my darling Agnes; tell me the truth!"

Agnes Arlington slowly lifted her eyes to his, her face now calm—calm in its despair, marble in its pallor. She glanced at him one ardent look, full of yearning love, and then her lips parted.

"My hand is not mine! 'Tis promised to another!" she wailed.

"Promised to another! Who dares—?"

"Nay, Clavis, I have sworn to be the wife of another!"

"Do you love him, Agnes Arlington?"

"I hate the ground he treads on!"

"His name?"

"Dora's brother—Delaney Howe!"

(To be continued.)

Hints and Helps.

CONVERSATION.

If conversation is dying out, it is because it is talked to death. In almost every social gathering you hear incessant talk; chatter which precludes all possibility of general conversation, which gives no time for the expression of *thoughts* upon subjects of interest and importance, but only for an interchange of conversational phrases, comments and compliments, shallow and unmeaning, mere pretenses of knowledge, and of friendly interest. Mr. Alger in writing of the great loss to society in this obvious decline of conversation, says: "There is no way in which those women who are able to give the tone and set the fashion in society, can do so much good as by endeavoring to reinstate conversation, and to teach in every company the nobleness of leisure and attention, that each one who speaks shall be inspired to the fullest training of his best powers by the listening expectation of the rest. No one can talk well amidst a rude jabber of voices, or a perpetual succession of interruptions. Conversation becomes the crowning art and luxury of life, the most completely satisfying of all employments when groups of friends regularly meet, under the rules of gracious breeding, with leisure, with confidence in each other, with no jealous ambitions, no intolerant partisanship, but with catholic purposes of improvement. Instead of such meetings of choice friends, we now have mobs of people, drawn together by every sort of factitious motive; crowds who crush each other's dresses, desperately bow and smirk at each other; exchange intolerable commonplaces, with unmeaning conventionalities; affect to listen to music, which no one can hear, or would care for if he could hear; mix all their buzzing voices in one oceanic roar; or when there is room, break up into whispering knots; then charge together upon the supper-table, as if it were a fortress to be taken by storm, and are unspeakably relieved when the assembly is over. As company is held in fashionable society now, the talk is not tenaciously kept to important themes, for ends of conviction, culture, light, or joy, but is a hodge-podge of trifles, an incoherent succession of unconsidered remarks. Each one speaks with his neighbor, regardless of all the rest of the guests, as if it were an evil to be silent, or an absurdity to expect that any body could say anything worth being listened to by all."

SENSIBLE ADVICE.

Always treat a lady with politeness. Such is due to her sex. No matter though it may cost you an act of hypocrisy—no matter though, for a time, you may seem to be a gentleman, and, therefore, ill at ease—don't fail to perform the act of grace. Duty is duty; and the iron man has said success is duty, whether duty is success or not. To a lady, use kind words. They are easier, cheaper, and ought to mean more than others. You have, or once had, a mother; you may or may not have, or have had, a sister. It is one and the same. The sex merits politeness. It is better for it. The giver is better, even under the circumstances just named. It is an investment that always pays.

THE Saturday Journal

NEW YORK, APRIL 16, 1870.

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL can be had of any New Dealer in the United States and Canada. Persons remote from a New Dealer, or those wishing to subscribe, and receive their papers direct from our office by mail, will be supplied at the following rates, invariably in advance: one copy, six months, \$1.25; one copy, one year, \$2.50; five copies, one year, \$11.25; ten copies, one year, \$20.

The Publishers suggest that, when a new dealer is convenient, readers will obtain this paper with perfect regularity by leaving their names with such dealer.

To CONTRIBUTORS.—All contributions must be fully prepaid, and also stamps enclosed for the MS. return, if it is not available. We can not assume any responsibility in the preservation of MSS. not used; therefore, authors should inclose stamps as indicated, which will secure the early re-mailing of the matter. All manuscripts will receive early and careful consideration.—Authors will please be careful to address their inclosures to "BRADLEY AND COMPANY, 88 WILLIAM ST., N. Y." and to write plainly on the corner of the envelope the words "Book MSS." The postage on a package so addressed, is two cents for every four ounces. If not so marked the postage will be the usual letter rates, viz: three cents for every half ounce.—In the choice of matter, preference will be given to those contributions (excellence being equal) which are shortest.

EST.—All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to
BRADLEY AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,
88 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

DUKE WHITE IS COMING!

In the next number of this paper will be given the opening chapters of the glowing wild-wood romance

DUKE WHITE;

A daring scout—a cunning trailer—a devoted friend, and an enjoyable man, Duke will prove a favorite; and his friend,

THE GREEN RANGER.

will excite hearty laughter. The romance is alive with the excitement of the trail and the perils of the woods; and yet, embodying as it does a delightful love episode, it possesses qualities to interest all classes.

Read it and enjoy a "sensation!"

THE NEW STORY

Which we commence in this number, viz:

THE EBON MASK,

is well calculated to arrest notice. It is a romance of romantic Florida, giving in the course of its captivating narrative, Pictures of the Everglades and of the wild life therein. The Mask is

A DOUBLE MYSTERY,

offering the reader, in the end, a delightful succession of surprises. Graceful in narrative, the story, as such, is marked by pathos, beauty and stirring power, and readers of this journal will not fail to anticipate each issue with pleasant interest.

As an evidence of the interest taken in the SATURDAY JOURNAL, and of the estimate of its contents by discerning publishers, we may note the fact that the proprietor of a new magazine in Toronto has reproduced, as original, the entire "Answers to Correspondents" of our first issue. This kind of appropriation of our well-paid-for good things may answer occasionally; but, as a regular thing we prefer to have readers look to our own columns for "what they want to know."

Back numbers always supplied. Readers of the serial "HAND, NOT HEART" pronounce it one of the most thrilling and absorbing stories of the day. Its sustained power and mystery prove that it is the work of a master hand.

Manners.—There is nothing that adds so much to a young man's success in life—next to honesty of purpose—as the practice of good manners. A polite man will show his good-breeding wherever he goes; on the sidewalk or in the buggy as well as in your parlor. If you meet a man who refuses to give you one-half the road or the sidewalk you may class him as a man with no sense of justice in his soul. When we speak of polite men we do not wish to be understood as referring to those who bow low and take off their hats to ladies and men of position and turn away from the poor man, but we mean the honest face, the man who always carries a smile on his countenance, and who never turns his face away from the poor; we mean the man who always has a pleasant salutation when he meets you in the morning, and a pleasant "Good-night" in the evening; a man whose face is the index to his heart, which is always void of offense. Such a man is bound to succeed; such a one will find friends. Young men, be polite.

Too Late.—Some are always too late, and therefore accomplish through life nothing worth naming. If they promise to meet you at such an hour, they are never present till thirty minutes after. No matter how important the business is, either to yourself or to him, he is just as tardy. If he takes a passage in the steamboat, he arrives just as the boat has left the wharf, and the cars have started a few moments before he arrives. His dinner has been waiting for him so long that the cook is out of patience, and half the time is obliged to set the table again. This course, the character we have described always pursues. He is never in season at church, at a place of business, at his meals, or in his bed. Persons of such habits we can not but despise. Much rather would we have a man too early to see us, and always ready, even if he should carry out his principle to the extent of the good deacon, who, in following to the tomb the remains of a husband and father, hinted to the widow that at a proper time he should be happy to marry her. The deacon was just in season; for scarcely had the relatives and friends retired to the house, before the parson made the same proposition to the widow. "You are too late," said she; "the deacon spoke to me at the

grave." Scores have lost opportunities of making fortunes, receiving favors, and obtaining husbands and wives, by being a few minutes too late. Always speak in season, and be ready at the appointed hour. We would not give a fig for a man who is not punctual to his engagements, and who never makes up his mind to a certain course till the time is lost. Those who hang back, hesitate and tremble—who are never on hand for a journey, a trade, a sweetheart, or any thing else, are poor sloths, and are ill-calculated to get a living in this stirring world.

Poverty and Genius.—The history of those who, by their genius and untiring energy, have taken the sting from poverty and won for themselves a place in the catalogue of the illustrious, must ever be interesting to the sons of toil. The greatness of real worth belongs to such characters; apart from high birth and proudly swelling titles, from the splendor of wealth and station, and frequently without the advantages of early education, the children of penury have marched on to honor, patiently triumphing over the obstacles which impede their progress. The working-man may well glory in the new and noble aristocracy which his gifted companions at the loom, the plow, and the anvil have helped to establish, and be stimulated by their example to show himself worthy of the fraternity to which he belongs.

Receipt for a Happy Home.—Six things, says Hamilton, are requisite for a happy home. Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, and lighted up with cheerfulness; and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity every day; while over all, a protecting canopy of glory, and nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.

Avoid Disputation.—Upon one point, touching social enjoyment very nearly, *The Moralist* well says: "A rule for living happily with others is to avoid having stock subjects of disputation. It mostly happens, when people live much together, that they come to have certain set topics, around which, from frequent dispute, there is such a growth of anger, morified vanity, and the like, that the original subject of difference becomes a standing subject of quarrel, and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it. Again, if people wish to live well together they must not hold too much to logic, and suppose that every thing is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people, when he said: 'Wretched would be the pair above all names of wretchedness who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the minute details of a domestic day.' But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is no time for such reasonings, and nothing that is worth them. And when we recollect how two lawyers, or two politicians, can go on contending, and that there is no end of one-sided reasoning on any subject, we shall not be sure that such contention is the best mode of arriving at truth. But certainly it is not the way to arrive at a good temper."

Take Heed.—We may rise in the morning with our hearts and our spirits free, and before evening comes—nay, in one short hour—circumstances may occur which shall call for the exercise of no ordinary share of grace; and, unless we are on our guard, plunge us into guilt, shame and distress. In many a dismal sting of private life, we find the sin which threw its chill, withering shade over all succeeding years—from which there was no refuge but through the darkness of the grave—was committed without premeditation, without design, simply by being "off one's guard." It is possible one hour to shudder at the thought of sin, and before that hour is passed away to be the thing you shudder at.

Good-Breeding.—Women have always been the conservators of good-breeding, the codifiers of its laws, the guardians of its observances. Indeed, the establishment of good manners, and the creation of refinement, rank among the most signal of their duties. Take away these from them, and you take away half their social value. Consequently, we find that women understand and carry out the niceties of good-breeding more exactly than do men. This does not say that these niceties are always thorough, and that the nature is to be believed in as exactly corresponding with appearances; but they are of value as the maintainers of social decorum, and the evidence of what virtues at least ought to be within. Manners are by no means unimportant things in life. It does not do to say: "Oh, my heart is good, and I am not so bad as I seem." All we can answer is, that if his heart is good, his manners should correspond, and that he can not expect the world to probe so deeply below the surface as to find out the good which sets itself forth as bad.

Fight Your Way Up.—The many who have to take the world rough and tumble, are prone to envy the few who roll through it unjolted in cushioned vehicles on patent springs. The toiler, as he stumbles through its thorny thickets and climbs over its foot-blistering gravel, is apt to curse the ill-luck that placed him on such a hard road, and to sigh for a seat in one of the splendid equipages that glide so smoothly over fortune's macadamized turnpike. Born with a pewter spoon in his mouth, he covets the silver one which was the birthright of his well-to-do neighbor. Occupation is the "immediate jewel" of life. It is true that riches are no bar to exertion. Quite the reverse, when their uses are properly understood. But the discontented worker who pines for wealth, without being able to labor for it, regards the idleness in which it would enable him to live as the acme of temporal happiness. He has no idea of money as the great motive power, to be applied in enterprises that give healthful employment to mind and body. All wish to loaf luxuriously. We have no sympathy with such sensuous longings. People who indulge in them never acquire wealth. They lack the energy to break their way to the worldly independence for which they yearn and whine. They don't know how much more glorious it is to tear affluence from opposing fate by main strength of will and inflexibility of purpose, than to

receive it as a windfall. There is infinitely more satisfaction in conquering a fortune than was ever experienced by a "lucky heir" in obtaining the golden store which some thrifty hand had accumulated. Your accidental Croesus knows nothing of the pride of success—of honest exultation with which the self-made man looks back upon the impediments he has overcome, and forward into the far future which he has earned the right to enjoy.

Beauty of Women.—Is there not a beauty and a charm in that venerable and venerated woman who sits in the "majesty of age" beside the fireside of her son; she who nursed him in his infancy, tended him in youth, counseled him in manhood, and who now dwells as the tutelary goddess of his household? What a host of blessed memories are linked with that mother, even in her reverential and arm-chair days—what a multitude of sanctifying associations surround her and make her lovely, even on the verge of the grave. Is there not a beauty and a charm in that matronly woman who sits looking fondly on the child in her lap? Is there not a holy influence around her, and does not the observer at once pronounce her lovely? What though the lines and lineaments of youth are fed? Time has given far more than it has taken away. And is there not a beauty and a charm in the fair girl who is kneeling before that matron—her own womanly sympathies just opening into active life, as she holds that infant to her bosom? All are beautiful—the opening blossoms, the mature flower, and the ripened fruit; and the callous heart and the sensual mind that gropes for loveliness as a stimulant for passion, only shows that it has no correct sense for beauty, or refined taste.

Jolly Boyhood.—The resources of childhood are nearly inexhaustible. As an illustration the *Woonsocket Patriot* has the following: "Nobody else on this planet is so ingenious in inventing fun as a rollicking boy. His resources in this respect are as original as inexhaustible. In coming down Railroad street the other day we had an illustration. A boy of ten years was walking before us with legs that would comport with the body of Daniel Lambert. We looked at him in amazement. 'Son, what is the matter with your legs?' 'Nothing. My legs are bunkum. Just see 'em walk.' And he waddled off like a duck. 'What distends your breeches so?' 'Sand, sir,' said he, with a hearty laugh. True enough, the boy had tied his pants with strings at the bottom, as is done in deep snow, and filled them to the waist with sand. We walked away ruminating upon the vast resources of boyhood to inaugurate a little fun. Happy boyhood! It's a pity that adult life can not command as much philosophy."

To our Correspondents.

Correspondents must be careful to fully prepay all matter remitted for our examination. We do not, as a general thing, take underpaid inclosures from the post-office.

"Do you receive original contributions and pay for all matter used?" ask numerous correspondents.

We answer: we do receive and read all matter submitted for our inspection, and we pay for all matter used, except that class of offerings by young writers which require considerable revision to fit them for the press. We have no "regular rates." Each tale or sketch or serial is paid for on its own merits.

Poems we do not pay for, as a rule, because more good things are pressed upon us, "to be honored with publication," than we can find space for. We are always glad to welcome a really good poem and to use it when possible.

We can not use "Prince and Peasant"—"Great Jones St."—"Dearborn's Trial"—"Ettie's Lover"—"Hear Me"—"Claribel Vane's Secret"—"Tender and True"—"A Bad Man"—"Oscar's Vow"—"A Laugh and a Cry"—"Peace Thoughts"—"To Mollie." The latter is very crude.—"Just Like a Man," which, also, is too imperfect for publication.—"In Memoriam"—"In the Twilight."

From M. W. B., Richmond, Va., we have this decidedly "National Exposition":

THE WESTERN MAN.
He rolled the prairie up like cloth,
Drank Mississippi dry,
Put Alleghany in his hat,
A steamboat in his eye;
And for his breakfast, buffaloes
Some twenty-one did fry.
He whipped the whole Indian tribe,
One day before he dined,
And for a walking-cane he took
A California pine,
And when he frowned he was so black
The sun it couldn't shine.
He whipped a ton of grizzly bears
One morning with a fawn;
And proved himself by all these feats
To be a Western Man.

M. W. B. evidently "has been there."

"GROVER."—We are not "open to engagements." See notice elsewhere to writers.

CARRIE M., of Rochester, asks: "Which is the most popular serial of the day?" We answer—that which is most read.

Mrs. P. P. G.—"Can you not give us cooking recipes, etc.?" No: better buy a Cook Book if you require help in the culinary art.

"LANSING."—We are not certain about the Cornell University being full—having no room for students. Write to Ithaca, N. Y., for Catalogue.

HENRY HOWARD.—Bound books are dear in proportion to their quantity of matter, as compared with the popular papers. The "best reading" may not always be found in these popular papers, but they certainly are the best read. Bookmakers and booksellers, after awhile perhaps, will learn that if they would do any business at all they must come down in their prices fully fifty per cent.

KATIE BURNS.—We do not approve of young girls corresponding with strangers, nor do we regard it as reputable to publish the advertisements of young men asking for a correspondence with young ladies. We say beware of such!

GENTLE HINTS.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

A rap—Miss Sue she looks around,
And from her chair uprises,
And opens the door and there espies
Ky Buggs, whom she despises.
He, bolting in, says, "Suey, I
Your slave, have come to see you."
Says Sue, "If truly you're my slave,
This moment, sir, I free you!"
"Dear Sue," says Ky, "you talk so strange
You are not clearly witted;
Would you thus have me take the mit
And be the man-u-mitted?
You stole my heart, girl, stole my heart!"
But Sue, mad as creation,
"I wouldn't for so small a theft
Have risked my reputation."
"Oh, Sue," says Ky, "what can you mean?
I'll take some deadly essence."
"Oh, sir, take any thing you please,
But only leave my presence."
"I like to be beside you, Sue,"
Says Ky, much disconcerted.
Says Sue, "That you're beside yourself
Can not be controverted."
"I'll roam the world for you," says Ky,
"And brave all danger in it."
Says Sue, "If you would prove your word,
I wish you'd start this minute,
And as you've said some good things here,
I wish that you would try, sir,
And say one little good thing more,
And let it be good-by, sir."

Washington Whitehorn's

ANSWERS TO

CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Q.—You are right wrong. A jury is far from being a collection of Jews.

SCRIBE.—When we sit down and meditate upon our enemies, how very consoling is the assurance that there is a terrible punishment hereafter? I say how very consoling it is! But when we get up and think upon ourselves, the idea don't seem so very cheerful after all.

JIMMY.—Your father has given you the choice of two presents, and you ask us to tell you which to take. With our usual modesty in such cases we believe if we were you we would split the difference and take both.

LOLA.—If your husband so far forgets his altar vows as to refuse to sell out his business and buy you the diamonds, he is certainly a Brutus Beastus. "If at first you don't succeed, Cry, cry again."

CANADA.—A thorn in the hand is worth two in the bush.

JINKS.—The saddest parting we ever saw was the parting of the hair in the middle. And whenever we look upon such a case we are reminded somehow of the waters which were divided in the Red Sea and think it requires the use of the rod to bring them together again.

STUDENT.—When we were young and *Hesper* our numbers, our principal study was Myth-ology.

TERPSICHOIRE.—Dancing considered as the art observative of all hearts is a healthy devotion, especially when you have a good quadriller. In early times we used to trip the light fantastic corn to a very sleepless extent, but of late years time has got so scarce and old age so plenty with us that we can no more follow it as an avocation. We don't believe in ladies at balls dressing to such an all-arming extent—we shudder at the bare thought.

INQUIRER.—Up to this date the Fountain of Youth has failed to be discovered. Traveling once in one of our western counties we were led to exclaim, Eureka, seeing so many little tow-pated humanities of reduced ages, which naturally led us to think we had found the fountain of youth.

SIM.—Tadpoles, abstractly considered, are great wags, and somewhat of a vegetable nature, as they flourish in the mud; in fact, you couldn't induce one to stay in a fine up-town parlor. Phrenologically considered they are birds of very fine heads and quite small in the body. Indeed, the body can scarcely be seen with a microscope on a calm day.

Tadpoles, it is said, turn into bull-frogs and afterward into hippopotamuses or rhinoceroses—I am unable to say which or who.

In catching them you are obliged to come upon them on the sly. I think they would be about as good eating as smoked wagon tongues, or cold shoulder, but I never had the pleasure of tasting or testing them. So far they have never occupied a very high place in heroic poetry, but I have a poetical friend of very high pressure who has selected them for his next theme when he goes to drink out of the next Castalian mud-puddle.

SQUASH.—Our farming experience would not be of any pecuniary value to you. We never owned but one farm, but the land on it was poor enough to go to the Infirmary if it had been able to walk.

The first year it produced nothing but a large crop of full-headed, well-developed mortgages. Grasshoppers died of starvation on it, but we got away from it in time to escape a like fate. It takes a good many roads to make a farm, but we rued that farm a good many times.

The undertaker is remarkably affable to the present proprietor.

CURIOSITY.—If you turn around fast enough to get a sight of the back of your head you will discern many things which you never saw before.

HISTORY.—Julius Caesar was reared in the city of Charleston, S. C., where he was engaged in the profession of boot-blackening, in which he was noted for his many shining qualities; he finally went to Rome and set up a shop where he made a good many stamps. He and his partner in trade got such a foot hold upon the people that they were elected to the office of consuls which gave them much consolation, as they had taken advantage of the fifteenth amendment.

Caesar returning from a political campaign with his army determined to impeach Pompey and so crossed the Rubicon and Rum was free no more. He finally drove Pompey to his native Africa where he died, and was buried at the expense of the Freedmen's Bureau.

Caesar returned to Rome, was crowned emperor, and afterward stabbed by several men and a numerous number of bowie-knives, falling on the heels of the statue of Pompey in the capitol of Washington. He died, as he had lived, lamented by everybody he owed. Requi-hiss-cat!

HORATIO.—No royal line of England ever did as many wonders as the Tudors.

JOHN.—A tin-kettle may not serve to point a moral, but I have seen it often adorn a tail.

The Baffled Renegade.

BY LIEUT. SIDNEY WAYNE.

THE branches parted under the touch of a human hand, and a half-savage face peeped out into a lovely opening, in the center of which stood a low, rambling plantation-house, with heavy windows and doors, such as are seen nowhere except in the Southern States of the Union. Even in our day a few of these old mansions are seen, relics of other days. The man lying in ambush was a stout-built fellow, in plain clothes, with dark, weather-beaten features, and eyes of piercing blackness. In a leathern belt, about his waist, he carried a heavy knife, and in one hand half held, half dragged a heavy rifle, dusty and smoke-begrimed, which looked as if it had seen service. His dark hair, straight as an Indian's, fell in unkempt masses upon his shoulders, and his whole appearance was sullen and forbidding.

"He don't come, adrat it!" he muttered. "He'd better not disappoint me, or, mayhap, he mout find Clem Wetherbee as hot an inimy as he kin be a friend."

Just as these words passed his lips, the door of the mansion opened, and a young man, with a fowling-piece in his hand, came out, and walked carelessly down to the great gates, which a negro boy swung open for him. Though apparently careless as to where he went, he cast quick and searching glances from side to side as he passed on, whistling. When he reached the bushes behind which the man was crouching, he turned aside and entered the woods, seeming not in the least surprised when the lurking man rose to meet him. The young man was richly dressed, with a handsome face, but whose beauty was marred by a certain sneering expression which seemed to rest upon it. Without speaking a word, the person first

introduced rose and led the way at a quick pace through a forest-path until they came out into a little clearing in the depth of the woods, in the center of which stood a rude hut.

"Will you come in?" demanded Clem Wetherbee, in a sullen tone.

"I don't know that I care to do that," replied the young man, coolly. "Nobody will hear us if we talk here, I suppose."

"I'd like tew catch some sneakin' Whig scoutin' round my cabin," replied Clem, fiercely. "They'd better try it on, that's all. I'll undertake to teach 'em that it ain't a safe thing to do."

"How?"

He tapped the barrel of his rifle significantly, and the young man broke into a bitter laugh.

"I see that you are my man, Clem," he said. "You don't mind a little bloodshed, now and then, upon a pinch."

"Not ef I'm paid," was the sullen reply; "and, mark you, I don't think no more of bringin' down a cussid Whig than ef it was a dog, and I'll tell you why. They've hunted me like a deer, up and down, night and day, until it don't seem that thar's a spot of ground in Car'lina whar I'm safe. What ef I did fight for the king when I thought it right? 'Tain't no reason why they should hunt me up and down. Why don't they hurt you? But no; you ride where you like, and when you like, and you fought under the king's flag for four years."

"I have made my peace with the powers that be, honest Clem. You are an outlaw, and a price is on your head."

"I ought to go to the Injin nation, that's what I ought to do," growled the surly voice of the outlaw. "I s'pose you know I've got Injun blood in my veins. Perhaps it's that makes me so bloody-minded sometimes. Come; tell your story. What did you send for me to do?"

"I've got an enemy, Clem. My part in the late war has not been forgotten, and they give me the cold shoulder on that account. Captain Henry Waltham, of the British Army, was better liked than plain Henry Waltham, a dependent upon the bounty of his uncle. And why am I passed over? Because my brother Clarence happened to fight upon the Whig side and win the epaulets of a colonel in their 'glorious cause.' I have little to hope for in the event of my uncle's death unless—"

"Don't choke at a trifle! Speak out! You know I won't stand no shilly-shallying."

"Unless my brother were to die first."

"Yes. He's healthy enough, ain't he?"

"Curse him, yes!"

"Then I don't see much chance for you."

"Men have died in the flower of their strength before now," hissed Waltham.

"True enough," replied the renegade, musingly. "But, it don't foller that he will. I s'pose ef he was to die your uncle would leave his prop'ty to you?"

"Yes."

"And you wouldn't be sorry to hear that he'd accidentally kicked the bucket?"

"I would give the man who brought me the news five hundred dollars in gold."

"How strange it would be ef I was to bring

the news!" said Clem, seating himself on a log, with his back to the bushes. "Stranger things hev happened, though. I'll be durned ef I don't try to be the man to aim that five hundred dollars. In goold, you say?"

"In gold. Paid on the spot to the man that brings the news. I see that you understand me fully."

"Ain't thar another reason why you'd like to hev him come to grief, capt'in?"

"What do you mean?"

"Miss Minnie Carter looks sweet at the curnel," said the man, with a grin. "I've seen her do it. 'Tain't no ways strange either, for Curnel Waltham's a proper man, he is. A right nice man, they say. I shouldn't wonder now—ef nothin' was to happen him—ef they'd make a match of it and join estates. 'Twould make a great prop'ty for some one—a great prop'ty."

"Silence! Clarence leaves the hall to-night and crosses Black Run. I've heard strange stories of that dark glen this side of the mountains; an accident might easily happen to him there."

"So it mout, capt'in, so it mout. But, I kain't be sure of it alone, you know. The curnel is powerful strong, and he mout be too many for one man."

"You shall have help," replied Waltham, hoarsely. "Enough. You know the spring upon the mountain side, over the Black Run? You will meet the man who will aid you there."

"But, he mout want part of the five hundred, capt'in? I couldn't do that, you know."

"I will attend to that," replied young Waltham. "He will ask no pay. Now, I must leave you, and be careful not to get caught napping before the time."

The young villain who had thus coolly bargained for the murder of a brother, took up his fowling-piece and walked quickly away by the path by which he had entered the place, leaving the renegade seated on the log, whistling softly to himself.

confidential. A glance was sufficient to show that this was Colonel Waltham, the likeness was so strong between the two. But, the elder brother wore a heavy military mustache, and still wore the showy uniform of a Connecticut colonel, for the war had but lately ended, and the feuds between families were not yet at an end, keeping a small force of regulars in the field, who were commanded in this section by Clarence Waltham.

The lady was beautiful, and dressed in good taste, and her personal attractions were heightened by a roseate flush which the sudden entrance of Henry had called to her face. This was Miss Minnie Carter, the young lady of whom Clem Wetherbee had spoken.

"You are back soon, Henry," said the colonel.

"Did you have any luck?"

"No; I went more for the walk than game. I saw that you and Miss Minnie were engaged, and I did not like to be Madame De Trop. I am afraid I stand in that unfortunate position, after all."

"Nonsense, Henry," said Miss Carter, blushing. "You know that you are trying to annoy me."

"Certainly not, mademoiselle," said Henry, managing to laugh, though he was boiling with rage. "I don't intend to stay long, however, as I must mount my horse for a ride to the village. I have an engagement there."

"Shall you return to-night?" said Miss Carter.

"I think not. Has my uncle returned?"

"No. He is still out in the pine woods with my father," replied Minnie. "I am sorry you are going away."

Henry made some suitable answer, and then took his departure. In the hall he shook his fist menacingly at the closed door and hurried away. His horse was brought out, and he rode off at a brisk pace, his heart full of evil thoughts.

Clarence did not stay long after tea. He had ten miles to ride that night, and would need all

at a turn in the road. Clarence reeled and sunk to the earth, the blood running from half a dozen cuts in his breast and arms. Danger had loosened his grip but once, and when he closed his jaws again a dull, crunching sound was heard. Burrill arrived and leaped to the earth, calling off his dog. No need of that. Clem Wetherbee was dead, horribly mangled. Clarence dragged himself with an effort to the side of the man he had shot, and uttered a cry of horror as he saw that it was his brother.

"Is he dead?" he gasped.

"Not he," said Burrill. "No sech good luck."

Henry Waltham lived and fled to foreign lands. Years after, when Clarence had been married many years to the woman of his choice, and had children growing up about his knees, news came of his death in India by the weapon of a rebel Sepoy. Clint Burrill remained with his old commander until death, as overseer of his plantation.

Wild Nathan:

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANGER.

BY PAUL J. PRESCOTT.

CHAPTER VIII—CONTINUED.

SCIP ran his arm into the dark hole the whole length without touching anything. Then, having been given the torch, he turned it so that the light should reveal the interior of the passage. It seemed to be a long one—how long it was impossible to say, since it extended beyond sight; but narrow, so very narrow after the first two feet, as to render it impossible for a person to pass through.

Scip related these facts to the others, who were considerably discouraged by his report. "Is thar any light at the other end?" asked Vic.

"Not dat I can see," replied Scip; "it's jist as dark as a pocket."

"Try yer knife an' see ef the rock can be cut," said Wild Nathan.

"Can't make no 'pression on it," was the answer.

"Wal, git down then. That's all bust-ed."

Scip turned to descend, but, somehow, in the act he lost his footing and rolled heavily down, striking the wall a hard thump with his head, and bringing up on the floor of the cave.

"Golly," he muttered, rising to his feet, and rubbing himself dolefully, "dat ar' war a hard tumble. Like to broke my skull."

Wild Nathan paid no attention to the negro's complaints. He was looking at the wall with a new idea. Jerking out his tomahawk he hit the wall several times, and then jumped off the platform with a subdued yell.

"Wagh!" he ejaculated, "thet are's with a fortune. Whoop!"

"What's up?" queried Vic, who had been looking at Scip, and had

not noticed Nathan's maneuver. "Suthin' wuth while," responded the trapper; "jest hear this, will ye?" and he tapped the wall a second time.

"Varmints!" ejaculated Vic, "it's holler!"

"In course it is, an' thar's a cave t'other side. Maybe thar's an openin' out on't tew. Ye see the wall is limestone, I s'pose. What d'ye think o' thet?"

"Whar's my knife?" replied Vic, rather irrelevantly. "Let's dig."

All three fell to work resolutely. The limestone crumbled away under their knives slowly but surely; slowly but surely the cavity grew, till in fifteen minutes the point of Vic's knife went through with a plunge to the other side. This was a fresh stimulus, and the knives flew fast. In a few moments, during which no one spoke, an opening sufficiently large to admit a man's head was made; then Wild Nathan took the torch and thrust it through the hole, and by its light anxiously surveyed the cavity. It was a room, about fifteen feet in length, and of an oval shape. The trapper only waited to take a hasty survey of the place, and then fell to work again with renewed energy. In fifteen minutes more, under their united efforts, the hole was sufficiently large to allow them to pass through.

"We won't bother to tell Kent and the little 'un, till we see ef our molasses ain't all soap," said Wild Nathan, as he crawled into the room, followed by the others. Seeing that there was an outlet to the room, the explorers did not wait to examine it, but hurried forward into the passage. It was a narrow, winding corridor, with damp, moldy walls, which terminated in a series of small caves opening one into the other by means of small openings at a little distance from the floor. The party gave a brief glance to each successive room as they passed through, and soon reached the fifth and last one of the series. Here they found another narrow passage, differing from the other only in the fact that they appeared to be steadily ascending.

"Best tew keep purty still," said Vic, in reply to some remark of Scip's; "thar's no know-



WITH A HOARSE CRY, THE DOG BURIED HIS FANGS IN THE BACK OF THE RUFFIAN'S NECK.

"It seems mighty strange," he soliloquized. "Ef I hadn't seen him and heard him I couldn't believe it. A brother paying for a brother's death! He don't know that I hate Clarence Waltham more than he does, for he wasn't thar when the Whig tied me to a tree and gave me fifty lashes on the bare back. I swore then I'd keep a bullet for him, and thar ain't no better time. Five hundred dollars! I'll aim it, and then I'll start for the Injin nation. It's too hot here now, sence the Whigs got the upper hand in the Old North State."

He rose, and picking up his rifle entered the cabin. He had hardly done so when a man, who had been lying on his face in the underbrush, rose to his feet and crept cautiously away, followed by a huge deerhound which had been lying by his side. The man was one of those rough, hard-grained foresters, so common in the South, ungainly in appearance, but who, after all, have the true spirit in them. He worked like a born scout until he was out of ear-shot of the cabin, when he began to stamp about the open space in which he stood, swearing until the atmosphere seemed to turn blue, to his eyes.

"Talk of a Tory ever gittin' the Tory blood out of him! He kain't, darn him, he kain't! That young villain will pay five hundred dollars to git his brother killed, eh? (Adjectives without number.) Mealy-mouthed son of a shark! Not ef Clint Barrill can stop him. Come on, Danger."

The dog wagged his tail and followed his master, and they set off at a brisk pace through the woods.

Henry Waltham hurried back to the house, entered at the back door, and set his weapon in its rack. Then, without a word to the servants he pushed open an inner door and went into the great hall of the house, and thence into a room where a young man and lady were seated at a window, and just as the hunter entered they sprung up in some confusion, but not so quickly that he failed to see that they had been very

the daylight he could get to cross the part of country between him and the mountains. He had been gone about fifteen minutes when Clint Burrill, with his dog at his heels, rode up to the door.

"Where is Curnel Waltham?" he demanded of a negro at the door.

"Gone, Mass' Clint," replied the negro.

"Gone! Order out your hosses, as many as you can get, and follow me to the Black Run. The curnel is in danger. I shall be too late."

And he went off like the wind, the hound galloping in the rear. For life, for life! The forest seemed to fly past him. Never in his hard life had he passed over three miles so quickly. He crossed the run and was still hurrying on at full speed when the sound of human voices, raised in anger, came to his ears.

"On, Danger. Seize them!" he shrieked.

The dog rushed on, turned an angle in the woods, and was out of sight.

Clarence Waltham had gone on slowly, humming a love-song, and thinking of the girl who had that day promised to become his wife, and crossed Black Run, entering a dark and lonesome glen, which had a bad name through all the country around, when a man darted suddenly out and seized his horse by the bridle, while another struck at him with a knife. To draw a pistol and discharge it at the head of the man who held his bridle was the first thought, even while throwing himself out of the saddle to avoid the knife. The first man, throwing up his hands, fell to the earth, his white face turned upward in the clear sunlight. But, Clarence had not been able to avoid the knife and was severely wounded in the side. He had no weapon to defend himself, but grasped the assailant by the throat while trying to ward off the blows of the knife. Twice wounded, he still struggled desperately, when he heard the patter of coming feet, and with a hoarse cry the dog, which Clint Burrill called Danger, sprang in and buried his fangs in the flesh at the back of the ruffian's neck, and dragged him down, just as Clint, still at a desperate gallop, appeared



in' how clus we may be tew the painted devils outside. Ef we're only fortunate enough tew—Varmints, thar's a glimmer of daylight!"

The little party hurried forward, keeping as still as possible, and soon reached the opening. A faint ray, only, of light entered, and Vic dropped beside the hole, and placing his head as near as possible, listened attentively.

"Silent as the grave," he said after a moment. "I guess we're quite a ways from the mouth of t'other cave."

He reached out his hand and tore away the weeds and stones that obstructed the way, and then cautiously advanced his head until he could see into the world beyond.

Twilight was settling down, but it was still light enough to enable him to see that they were much further up the hill than the entrance to the other cave, and some distance to the left of it. He could not see the Indians at the mouth of the cave, but could hear their voices. Taking a closer look of the place, he recognized it, and knew they were about a hundred yards from the other cave mouth; Deep Creek flowed tranquilly along about forty feet below him.

"We're all right," he whispered, as he drew back and Wild Nathan took his place. "As soon as it's dark we'll bid adoo to this hole, an' turn toes for Fort Laramie. We'll hev tew keep powerful still, an' work our passage with shut-off steam, or we'll hev a score of red devils arter us in jest no time."

"Look here," said Nathan, as he concluded his survey, "ye see it's gittin' dark fast. In half an hour it'll be as dark as a pocket. Tharfore ye go back an' tell Kent an' Marion an' git red-dy tow tramp, an' I'll stay here, an' purty-shortly go out to the gulch whar the animiles war hid, an' git them ef the reds hasn't made off with 'em."

"Tain't likely the hosses is disturbed, as the reds wouldn't take 'em till they clared the kitchen for good, an' they hain't done that yet."

"Ye know whar that all-fired big cottonwood leans over the creek?" added Wild Nathan.

"Wal, steer for thar as soon as it's dark. I won't be fur off. Signal, owl's hoot."

Vic nodded, and started for the first cave, followed by Scip.

CHAPTER IX.

BO-HO! AND AWAY!

THE lovers were beginning to wonder at the long absence of their friends, and both anxiously awaited their return.

"What success?" asked Wayne, eagerly, as Vic entered.

"Knives is trumps!" replied Vic, "or I'm a knave. We've found a way out, so jist pack up yer duds an' prepare to slide."

Intensely delighted they were soon ready, and in half an hour Vic thought it was dark enough to start. Accordingly they left the scene of their troubles, and threaded the damp passages and low caverns to the other entrance.

"Keep powerful still," admonished the trapper, as they neared the outside. "Don't speak after we reach the open air, an' walk mighty keener; thar's no tellin' how clus the Injuns are. Varmints, but it's a dark night! So much the better for us; now keep still."

The trapper cautiously left the cave, followed by the others. When once outside Vic took the lead, and the others kept close to him, and in most profound silence they shaped their course toward the spot designated by Wild Nathan.

A considerable time elapsed before they reached the leaning cottonwood. Wild Nathan was not there, somewhat to Vic's surprise and uneasiness, and the party quickly secreted themselves in the dense bushes near, so that, in case any straggling Indian came that way, they would be secure. Vic waited in some suspense, for ten minutes, and then as the trapper was still absent, he concluded to give the signal.

Twice the long, solemn hoot of the owl rose on the air, so perfectly natural that Kent was surprised, and then, in a moment, came the answering hoot, thrice repeated, away to the left.

"All right!" said Vic; "he'll soon be here."

Ten more minutes passed, and then, clear and sweet, only a few yards distant, sounded the night-bird's note, "Whippow! whippow!" in quick succession, twice repeated.

"Keep still!" admonished Vic; "I'm goin' tew see what's wanted. Thet's Nathan."

The trapper dropped on his hands and knees, and crawled away. The trio in the thicket waited with intense solicitude for his return, but so silent was his approach, that he stood beside them before they were aware of it.

"All right!" he whispered, "He's got the hosses up here a few rods away, an' we must go to 'em. Come on."

Again in silence the little party took up the line of march, and, piloted by Vic, soon arrived at the spot, where, close to the edge of the creek, stood the trapper and the horses.

"Mount," he whispered, as they came up. "I've confiscated a Blackfoot's animile, an' as I dunno what sort of a kitten it is, I'll ride it, an' let Marion hev mine. Up with ye, little 'un!"

A moment sufficed for them all to mount, and then they started under the guidance of Wild Nathan, who rode at once into the creek.

"Where ye goin'?" began Scip.

"Keep still," ordered the hunter, ef ye want tew keep yer skulp. Don't splash the water so."

All advanced with as much silence as possible. The very horses seemed to use caution, and all went well. Wild Nathan followed down the stream for the distance of about four miles, determined to balk their enemies if possible. No alarm was heard behind them to indicate that their absence had been discovered, and they cherished strong hopes of escaping without detection and pursuit.

At the end of four miles the trapper led the way out of the creek, taking the left bank and heading his horse in a north-east direction. Considerable care was taken for some distance to cover the trail, but when a mile from the creek, the party abandoned the precaution as no longer necessary, and increased their hither-to slow pace to a gallop.

The darkness which had thus far been dense

began to show signs of lifting. The clouds rolled away and allowed the stars to shine, and the dim light thus afforded enabled the fugitives to see their way. For several miles they continued their pace, and it was only when the cave was a good ten miles behind, that Wild Nathan slackened his speed, and broke the silence which had thus far reigned undisturbed, save for his laconic directions given at intervals.

"Thar," he remarked, letting the reins fall loosely on his horse's neck, while the others imitated his example, and all subsided into a walk. "Thar, I guess we're about safe as far as them Injuns is concerned. I flatter myself that they don't foller us very easy. Ef we don't run afoul of another batch on 'em, we'll stan' a good chance of gittin' off."

"Golly!" ejaculated Scip. "I wish we could git somethin' to eat. I'm jest clean starved."

"Of course! Who ever knew a nigger that had enough?" responded Vic. "Wait till it's light. I ain't filled tew overflowing with vittals myself, and mean tew walk into a butcher-shop soon."

"How did you contrive to get the horses, Nathan?" asked Kent.

"Oh, I jest went round kinder cautious, and found they's thar whar we placed 'em, an' then I scouted round and see'd that the reds warn't near enough to hear, an' led 'em out. Ez I couldn't take but one at a time, it took me quite a spell, but, arter I got our four out, an' safe in a thicket, I jest determined tew have another one. So I begun lookin' round, an' I found the Injuns' hosses out a piece from the creek, an' jest quietly took one on 'em. I reckon they'll blow some when they find we've gone an' took the best hoss they had, but thet won't disturb us in pertic'lar."

"It's rather remarkable that they hadn't found ours before this time, isn't it?" asked Kent.

"Wal, no, I dunno as 'tis," replied Nathan.

"Ye see, thet's a plaguey neat place tew put 'em. Ye can't git in only one way, an' thet's rather on t'other-side from the cave. Gallinippers, but the hosses war glad tew see me! Every one of 'em showed they war glad tew see somebody ag'in."

"I'm all-fired mad tew think that the pesky varmints hev discovered thet cave," said Vic. "It's teetotally too bad. Now it's jest gittin' in the edge of the best trappin' time, an' tew hev them upset our plans in this way is enough tew rile anybody."

"What direction are we going?" asked Marion.

"North-east," replied Wild Nathan. "We'll strike the emigrant trail aleetle arter sunrise, ef we hev good luck."

Steadily throughout the night the little party kept on, and at sunrise reached the Sweetwater river. This they forded, and half an hour later they struck the trail, a little further down the river.

"Halt here for breakfast," said Wild Nathan, stopping in the edge of the woods, and slipping the saddle off his horse. "We're ready 'nough for it I guess."

"Yes, but whar's the vittals?" asked Scip.

"Can't ye see them ducks yender by the river?" asked Vic. "We'll hev some of them ef nothin' else turns up."

The whole party now dismounted. Nathan proceeded to care for the animals and prepare a fire, while Vic and Kent took their rifles, and started toward the river.

Marion wandered about the edge of the grove, and plucked a few wild-flowers with the dew still on their bright petals, half forgetting her hunger in her admiration of the lovely scene before her.

The sun was just up, and the cool green woods were deliciously fresh and pleasant, with the dew on the leaves and grass, while the birds burst out in trills of melody among the branches. A squirrel ran along her pathway, stopping a moment to turn his head on one side, and scan her with his little bright eyes, and then with a "chit-er-e-e," was off among the bushes.

Over the river the flocks of ducks rose and fell, and merrily through the forest rung the echoes of the hunters' guns, showing they were not idle.

As she stood contemplating the scene, Scip loudly called her, and going to him she found him sitting on the ground, close up to the hollow end of a fallen tree, with something in his hands. He evidently was pleased, for his capacious mouth was stretched in a broad grin, showing at least twenty-four of his thirty-two glistening ivorys.

"Yah, yah! Jest see here, Miss Marion."

"What is it?" asked Marion, curiously, as she approached.

"Chickens," responded Scip, holding up to view the mother partridge, and then cautiously withdrawing himself from the log, he revealed to Marion's admiring gaze a nest full of downy chicks and one or two eggs.

"How pretty!" she exclaimed, admiringly.

"But how did you catch them, Scip? I always thought they would run."

"Dey would," replied Scip, with a chuckle, "only ye see dey couldn't. As I's comin' 'long I jist see her settin' here, and grabbed her 'fore ye could wink. Den as I sot ag'in' de log, why ob course de chicks couldn't git out."

"They are frightened," said Marion, touching one of the downy backs. "Let the mother go, Scip, and come away."

"Y-e-s," replied Scip, hesitatingly; "but I's hungry, Miss Marion."

"Nonsense! You don't want to kill the bird and let the poor little ones starve?" said Marion. "Vic and Wayne will get plenty of food. Do let her go."

Scip rose rather reluctantly and released the bird, with a longing look at her plump proportions, but, getting a glimpse of the sportsman returning with hands full of game, he followed Marion with alacrity.

"Jist look here, will ye?" said Vic, holding up to view a brace of ducks and a large goose.

"Don't thet look like eatin'?"

Kent followed with several more fowls, and they fell to work to prepare them for cooking. Hunger made nimble fingers, and in an incredibly short space of time half a dozen birds were

impaled on sticks around the fire, soon sending forth the most appetizing odors. While the process of cooking was going forward, Vic was digging in the woods near and soon appeared with his hands full of white, fleshy-looking roots, washed clean in the river, which he pronounced good to eat, and the finely-browned birds being pronounced done by Wild Nathan, the hungry travelers hastened to discuss them. The fowls were excellently flavored, and although in some places hardly done and guiltless of salt, our friends were not disposed to be particular, and it is doubtful if they ever ate another meal that relished so well. The old proverb says: "Hunger is the best sauce," and in this case the half-starved fugitives found it so.

"Wal, I 'low thet we'd orter be movin'," said Vic, when the repast was over. "Thar's no knowin' how many of our hospitable friends are arter us, an' I, for one, hed jist as lief git tew Fort Laramie 'fore they overtake us, as not."

"Count me in dar," said Scip. "I've had 'nough o' dem for once."

The horses were caught and saddled, and once more they were moving. Vic rode a few yards in advance, and Wild Nathan about the same distance in the rear. Sharp look-out was kept for enemies, but, fortunately, none were seen, and the rejoicing travelers kept on their way unmolested. It was no part of their programme to dally by the way, that the Indians might overtake them in case they were following, and they traveled steadily, only stopping two hours at noon to allow their tired horses to feed and rest. Meeting with no obstacles and encountering no foes, their progress was rapid, and sunset found them about seventy miles from Fort Laramie. Here they encamped for the night, selecting a sort of grotto in some rocks, where they would be sheltered from observation. No one felt disposed to sit up "star gazing," and as soon as it was dark they prepared to "turn in." The most sheltered situation was chosen for Marion, and a rude couch formed by means of boughs and blankets. The men lay down beside the fire, one remaining up to keep guard, and occasionally changing with the others, that all might receive the sleep so much needed.

CHAPTER X.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

MORNING came clear and pleasant, and the travelers were early astir preparing breakfast, and getting ready to resume their journey.

"Grizzly 'round not long go," said Vic, as he turned a huge slice of meat before the fire.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Kent. "Why do you think there was?"

"Seen his tracks," replied Vic; "fresh, too." "I hope he is not near here now," said Marion, involuntarily, as the tales of the grizzly bear's ferocity she had heard flitted through her mind.

"Wal," said Wild Nathan, "I shouldn't be s'prised ef he warn't more'n a hundred miles off. A grizzly ain't a very nice playthin'. I could tell some yarns about 'em that would make ye open yer peepers. They are jist the all-firedest, meanest thing tew fight thet ever run. Take a big one an' I'd rather fight twenty Pawnees single handed, unless I'd got the advantage of him. They're jist the orneriest critters thet travels."

"Thet's a fact," said Vic. "I hev an idee thet—Varmints, thar's the ole feller himself!"

Every man grasped his gun and turned on the defensive, as a huge grizzly bear suddenly appeared from behind the rocks and bushes on the right. Marion shrunk back with a white face, and stood watching his movements breathlessly.

He was a most majestic fellow, large and ferocious in appearance, and evidently had no intention of leaving immediately. Walking up toward them he stopped a few yards distant, and raising his huge body on his hind legs, deliberately surveyed the party before him.

"Oh, de Lor," ejaculated Scip, "we's all dead men."

"Shet yer trap," growled Wild Nathan. "Down on yer knees, all of ye, an' git yer knives out."

The men all dropped as directed, and as the bear slowly advanced, Wild Nathan hastily removed the cap from his gun, replacing it with a fresh one. The bear advanced to within a few feet of them, licking his huge jaws, as if in anticipation of a coming feast. Kent raised his rifle to fire.

"Hold thar," exclaimed Nathan; "don't fire, for yer life! Now, Vic!"

The bear was now close, and, raising himself, rushed forward with a ferocious growl. At that moment, Vic drew his attention by throwing his cap aside, and in the momentary pause Wild Nathan raised his rifle and fired both barrels into the monster's eye. With a fearful roar the grizzly pitched forward and lay stretched lifeless on the ground.

"Thet war a neat little transaction," said the trapper, coolly surveying the beast, "an' we 'scaped bein' strung tew mince-meat by it. It war a good shot."

"Why did you tell me not to fire?" asked Kent. "Why? Benvers an' catamounts! Ef ye'd fired, ye'd 'a' bin dead in tew minnits. You'd have aimed at his head, an' ye 'mought, as well try tew shoot through one of them 'ere rocks as tew try tew kill a grizzly by shootin' his head. Ye can't dew it nohow. It jist maddens 'em an' then thar's lively times. I had a grizzly chase me once."

"Golly," ejaculated Scip, "I bet I'd run!"

"Humph," said Wild Nathan, contemptuously, "ye 'mought run an' be hang'd. Much good it would do ya. I hed a dorg in them days, an' by virtue of his superior powers as an animile, I managed tew sarcumvent the critter. He war a powerful animile, thet dorg war. He'd run a leetle the fastest of any thin' out. Lay to: thet meat's done."

"What sort of a dog?" asked Scip, as he obeyed the trapper's orders.

"Hound," replied Nathan; "he'd ketch a live deer in forty rods when the deer had ten rods the start. Howsomever," added the trapper, "thar war one disadvantage about him.

He'd git tired. After a run of ten miles he war clean tired out. But, he would go like lightnin'. Take it on open ground an' he couldn't well be beat. It's dangerous runnin' dorgs in the woods. Bill Stevens hed a splendid hound thet would jist measure sile tew beat all. When thet critter got a-goin' it war hard tellin' what he war, for all ye could see was a streak, an' I've seen a streak ahind thet dorg twenty yards long, he went so fast; 'peared like he spread over thet distance like a komit's tail, ye know. But his speed was the 'casion of a great catastrophe to him. Howsomever, it war a gain in the long run."

"What was it?" asked Kent, laughing, as the trapper paused to help himself to another piece of meat.

"It happened in this way. We war out huntin' one day, an' got arter a deer. It war in the woods, an' the dorg got his eyes on the game an' war jist streakin' it over the ground, an' bein' so engaged he didn't notice whar he war goin' an' so happened tew run ag'in' a tree an' split him clean in two, lengthways. Bill jist run up an' grabbed up the pieces, an' clapped 'em together, an' the dorg started on. As he started, Bill see'd the mistake he'd made, but it war too late then. In his hurry he'd clapped the dorg together so two legs war up an' two down, an' though he felt sorry at the time, he see in a short time thet it war a great advantage, for when two of his legs got tired the dorg jist whapped over on t'other two, an' kep' on same as ever."

Shouts of laughter greeted the recital of this extraordinary occurrence, but the trapper never relaxed his grave aspect, standing with the utmost gravity amid the peals of laughter which convulsed the remainder of the company, apparently unconscious that he had said anything particularly funny or incredible.

"See here, Nathan," said Wayne, as Vic proceeded to cut off some portions of the bear-meat, "why did you order us to drop on our knees before you fired?"

"For this," said the trapper. "I warn't sure how thet would act. Thet's the Injin way of doin'. All git on their knees an' when the grizzly comes up one of 'em tackles him, an' thet draws his attention, an' then the others pile on tew him, an' he's generally dispatched 'bout any one gittin' ser'usly hurt. It's all the way ye kin do when ye don't hev guns, or a chance to use 'em ef ye do hev 'em."

"Exactly," replied Kent. "I understand now, but it strikes me I shouldn't like to have a battle with one every day."

"No more should I. But it's 'bout time we war on the move, I reckon. It's gittin' late," said Vic, rising to his feet.

"That's so," exclaimed Wild Nathan; "so let's tew hoss. Come on, Kent."

Ten minutes later they were on their way.

It was a beautiful day, with an unusually clear atmosphere, and the tops of the distant mountains shone blue through the haze. Their way lay through a pleasant country, and, as they were gradually leaving the regions of the mountains, the timber increased in plenty and variety. Toward morning they came in view of Laramie Peak, while far to the south-east rose the dark summits of the Black Hills.

"How far distant is Fort Laramie?" asked Marion, as she gazed through the blue distance toward the hills.

"'Bout twenty miles," replied Vic. "We hain't made a very big journey to-day. Got started too late. Howsomever, we'll git thar in purty good season to-morrow."

"Gallinippers!" ejaculated Wild Nathan, suddenly, in a suppressed tone. "Thar's Injuns!"

"Where?" was the simultaneous question from the startled party.

"Thar!" replied Wild Nathan, pointing toward the north-west with his right hand.

Four pairs of eyes examined the horizon in the direction indicated, but two only saw what they sought. Vic, sharper sighted than the others, at once detected the enemy.

"Where are they, Vic?" queried Marion, shading her eyes with her hand, and gazing earnestly away toward the point indicated. "I can see nothing."

"Look here," said Vic. "Ye see thet hill 'way yonder? Wal, jist tew the left of thet ye can see—if yer eyes are sharp—a lot of leetle dark movin' objects. Them's 'em."

"Oh, yes! But how far distant they are. Mere specks on the horizon," said the fair girl, as she watched them.

"Humph! It won't take 'em long to git nearer," said Vic, "but, as we're purty clus to the fort I don't feel very uneasy. They hain't seen us; we are a small party, ye know. Move on!"

The march was resumed and they were soon out of sight of their dreaded enemy. Sunset found them about twelve miles from the fort, when they concluded to pass the night as their animals gave evidence of considerable fatigue. They had not allowed them much time to feed or rest since morning, and a good camping-spot being found, they prepared for the night's repose. The spot selected was in a small clump of timber, through which ran a clear, purling brook. A fire was kindled beside a fallen trunk, some meat for supper roasted, and then the little camp relapsed into slumber.

(To be concluded next week.)

ANOTHER EXCITING FOREST ROMANCE!

In next week's issue will be given the opening chapters of a wild and thrilling romance of the river and woods, by the author of the celebrated story, "BURT BUNKER, TRAPPER," viz.:

DUKE WHITE;

The Green Ranger of the Scioto.

Glowing with the excitement of the trail; full of the perilous adventure of the forest, haunted by the fierce Shawnee and the wily Wyandottes; enticing in its interest of story, this splendid production will be read with avidity and enjoyed in every chapter. Look out for it!

Our Ballads.

[We propose to award a corner in our paper to original ballads, and will be happy to receive from our friends contributions of that class. Some of the most charming poems in the language are ballads. We hope our contributors having a talent for this species of composition, will let us hear from them.]

THE BATTLE OF THERMOPYLE.

The Persian host advanced to cross,
With lances gleaming bright,
The passage of Thermopylae,
Against proud Grecia's might.

Right haughtily the host advanced,
His millions seen around—
Drank dry the rivers as they passed,
And covered miles of ground.

But Sparta's chieftain in that hour
In tones undaunted said:
"Rise, fellow-countrymen, by me
Against the foe be led."

And straightway at the battle-call
The sons of Greece arose—
A band of warriors true as steel
Against a million foes.

In vain the boasting host advanced,
Their weapons gleaming bright,
To measure with Leonidas
Their vigor in the fight.

As sheep before the blinding storm,
The haughty host fell back;
And but a remnant of the foe
Retreated on their track.

In vain there came a larger force
To humble Sparta's power:
Without a fear Leonidas
Saw Persia's banners lower.

But treachery effected what
That countless host could not,
Against the great Leonidas,
Who had so bravely fought.

Leonidas, when he perceived,
That they had been betrayed,
With courage gleaming in his eye,
To heaven raised his blade.

"By this I swear," he dauntless cried,
"To stay and meet the foe,
But those who shrink from certain death,
May back to Sparta go."

"Return, and tell our aged sires
That we have bravely died:
And rushing heedless on the foe,
The sword of death defied."

But some would stay to meet with him
The certainty of death—
For fatherland all proud to fall
The foeman's sword beneath.

Three hundred Spartans met the foe—
Three hundred bravely fought,
And, fearless in their country's cause,
A deathless birthright bought.

They stood as firmly as the rock;
They rushed upon the foe,
And made, beneath their mighty charge,
An army reel below.

Again unto the charge returned;
Again the onslaught made;
Again, as each with courage fired,
Like lightning flashed the blade.

In vain! Aurora's flood of light
Disclosed their numbers few:
In vain the part they bore so well,
In vain the foes they slew.

In vain?—Ah, no!—Immortal fame
Has made them more glorious;
And, though they died, they well have earned
The crown victorious.

J. G. MANLY, JR.

Peer and Peasant.

BY J. G. LA ROE, JR.

I HAD been traveling hard all day, and now as it drew near night I felt very tired indeed, and I determined to ask the first person I met to direct me to an inn.

It was ten years ago—the time to which I refer, and I was traveling in Ireland and was then on my way to Tralee.

I had hardly made this resolve when I fell in with an Irish priest, who was walking along fanning himself with his wide-brimmed straw hat, for it was a very warm day, and he was short and stout.

I asked for the desired information, and was answered that there was an inn a little over a mile further on—where he intended to stop over night.

After informing him that I intended to stop there also, our conversation became more general, and I had hardly known him five minutes when we became as familiar as if we had known each other for years.

The scenery along our route was the most beautiful that I—a great lover of nature—ever saw, and while commenting on it we passed a splendid-looking house.

What made its beauty all the more striking was, that it was situated in a country where thatched cottages prevailed—or did at that time.

A noble-looking, many-gabled house, situated about three hundred yards from the road where we stood; and the dying sun shone on this mansion giving the rich purple stone a most beautiful color.

As I remarked this the priest said: "That house has a peculiar history. You have no doubt heard of Lord Arthur Blennihasset, seeing that you have been some days in this neighborhood. Have you ever heard the history of this place?"

"No, but I would very much like to," I replied, for I had heard of that name often before, and knew that "thereby hung a tale."

"Well, if you have no objections I will tell you the story, relying partly on tradition and partly on facts."

Of course I had no objections, and sitting on a friendly stone under an equally friendly tree, my friend commenced, first remarking that he preferred to tell his story in the surrounding silence—that the inn being less than half a mile beyond, we could reach our destination before dark.

"In the year 1724," began my informant, "Lord Arthur Blennihasset, of Blennihassetville (the name of this parish, by the by), the great-grandfather of the present Lord Arthur, was pronounced as being very low from a fever. But, at last, his reason returned to him, and he began to convalesce."

"Still his doctors were of but one opinion—and that was that he must have change of air and scene to entirely recover. So he set out on his journey, going very slowly to keep pace with his weak condition."

"Old lady Denny (sister to Parson Denny at the Glebe, and his housekeeper) expressed deep concern at his departure, and some persons were malicious enough to say that her maidenhood of fifty years was no barrier to her marriage—hence her solicitude."

"Lord Arthur's destination was a hundred miles' travel to an old friend of his—Sir Nuberry Dunn, who had but lately married a comparatively young woman, daughter of an immensely rich commoner. Lord Arthur had been invited to the wedding, but he was sick at the time; and this being the first opportunity offered he embraced it."

"According to tradition he was a tall, well-preserved and handsome bachelor of forty-eight or thereabouts, and the last of his race. Were he to die as he had lived up to that time, I never would have told you this story!"

"But, I left him setting out on his journey, which was to take a week."

"From the first he grew better, for it was delightful weather. Thus the time passed and he was within one day's travel of Sir Nuberry's house. On that same day somehow he caught a little cold, and when he entered his friend's house he had a relapse of his old fever."

"All was consternation, as he made his appearance in such an unexpected condition, and Sir Nuberry's wife—Lady Fanny, a dark, hollow-eyed beauty—fled to her room on learning his condition. So Sir Nuberry was compelled to receive his sick friend, and do all in his power to relieve his suffering."

"But, it needed a woman's soft hands, and these were not wanting."

"The scullery-maid—a most beautiful girl—had at least a little bit of humanity, and to her untiring energy Lord Arthur owed his life!"

"She it was who gave him his medicines, smoothed his pillow, cooled his hot brow, and, in fact, did everything for his comfort; while he in his delirium called her a beautiful being, and his mother, whose memory he loved."

"She it was on whom his eyes rested, and in the refreshing dream that followed she was the heroine!"

"And so Arthur, Lord of Blennihasset, mended in health, and when he was able to speak to his friend, Sir Nuberry, and thus keep him by his side, he missed Minnie (as the scullery-maid was called) from his presence."

"Having accomplished as much good as she could, she had returned to her ordinary duties; so Lord Arthur was informed on asking his friend."

"Who is she, Nuberry? her hands are too tender for a scullery-maid, and of course you'll indulge me a little by giving her an easier place. I certainly owe my life to her, and as she will not take money, (I know that,) allow me to express my heartfelt thanks to her."

"Lady Fanny had kept her room ever since her guest had made his appearance. Her little beauty was very precious to her, even at the cost of common civility."

"Sir Nuberry had to tell the scullery-maid's history, as far as he knew it, which was very little indeed."

"She had come to them at the age of fifteen (she was seventeen now), almost begging for the menial place she now held. She was very destitute, and her young beauty, so innocent, decided her case. Sir Nuberry gave her her present situation, without knowing any thing more than that her name was Minnie."

"Of course Lord Arthur wanted to know more of her, and at his request his friend sent for her. Word came back that she too was now very sick, and out of her head from fever!"

"All the good in his nature (and Lord Arthur was good) rose up as he thought she owed her fever to him. That thought made him strong, and he got up, greatly to his friend's astonishment, and ordered that Minnie should receive every attention at his cost, and while she raved of home scenes Lord Arthur watched over her as attentively as a mother."

"It was certainly a 'life for a life,' and in this case all social distinction was put aside."

"Having youth in her favor, it was not surprising that she recovered, although it left her very weak."

"So she convalesced, and when she was able Lord Arthur insisted on her telling him the story of her life, which she accordingly did."

"She was the youngest daughter of the once proud and wealthy Sir John Grey. It was the same old story: he had been unfortunate in his speculations, and one day Minnie was called away from school (she had just commenced her studies) to learn that her father was ruined, and had that morning killed himself."

"So she had to go home and live in a poor neighborhood with her mother, who died soon afterward. Thus she was left alone and friendless. She could not be a governess for she had not the requisite learning, and she was obliged to take the first situation that offered—which was at Sir Nuberry Dunn's house."

"That was her simple story, and Lord Arthur knew that she wasn't any more of a peasant than he himself. Money was only wanting to make her as much a lady as any in Ireland."

"Lord Arthur was in raptures at her rapid recovery, and surprised his friend, Sir Nuberry, by offering to take her off his hands."

"Lord Arthur determined to send her to boarding-school, for he well knew the shame that one brought up as she had been must feel, bereft of education."

"At first she felt shy of accepting his generous offer; but, as he persisted, and she really wanted to go, they soon decided it between themselves."

"So, one fine morning the beautiful lady Minnie (she was a lady in spite of her want of wealth)

went off to boarding-school, where she was known as Lord Arthur's ward."

"Thus three years passed, at the end of which time Minnie came back, and delighted her guardian with her accomplishments and her beauty."

"Lord Arthur gave a ball that night, and he was by every one congratulated on the beauty and simple-heartedness of his ward."

"Then, the first thing that was gossiped around was that Lord Arthur was going to make Minnie his wife—on hearing which old lady Denny almost fainted with horror. She had heard the whole of the romance enacted while he was so very sick."

"They were married, and if we are to believe our authorities they made a charming couple. Lord Arthur lived until ten years afterward, and left behind him two sons and a daughter—the eldest of whom is the grandfather of the present lord."

"So ended the story of what I have called the 'Peer and Peasant,' and thus was founded the house of Blennihasset, whose relations to American history have such a romantic interest. Having read much of Blennihasset's Island—the 'Paradise in the Wilderness,' below Marietta, in the Ohio River, I was of course deeply interested in a story which proved Lady Blennihasset's proud claim—made to Aaron Burr—of 'having the best blood of the land in her veins.'"

A New Song.

SILVERY BELLS.

Copied by permission of O. Ditson & Co., Music Publishers, 277 Washington St., Boston, owners of the copyright. C. H. Ditson & Co., 711 Broadway, New York.

Silvery, silvery, echoing bells,
Waking the music of sweet long ago!
Over the valley your melody swells,
Woofing the flowers from their slumbers below!
Softly and fondly you bring me now,
Hopes that had slumbered in earlier years;
Lured by your chiming in sadness I bow,
Won by your beauty—all ended my fears!

Silvery, silvery, echoing bells,
Waking the music of sweet long ago!
Over the valley your melody swells,
Woofing the flowers from their slumbers below!
Silvery, silvery, echoing bells,
Calling the visions of childhood to me!
Ringing and swinging o'er meadows and dells—
Sweeter than voice of the bird and the bee!
Wafted like angels on pinions of light,
Over the valleys in loving repose;
Lulling my soul to a dream that is bright—
Sweet as the sigh in the heart of the rose!

Saturday Talk.

A Correspondent Thrashed.—Crooked "S" is sometimes a dangerous letter out of place. "Mind your p's and q's" is an old warning, and your s's is also useful. A party of young ladies in Virginia organized themselves for the purpose of making surprise parties and other pleasant neighborhood entertainments. A correspondent gave an account of their doings as "trumping about the country," but, as bad luck would have it, by mistake of the printer, it appeared in print as "strumping about the country." No apology would satisfy the young male friends of the girls, nothing but corporal punishment would do, so they soundly thrashed the unlucky wight who gave the printer the opportunity to commit the unpleasant and slanderous blunder.

Seasoning Young "Victor."—Prince Jerome Napoleon, it seems, has resolved to give his son a Spartan citizen's education. The boy, who is just seven years old, has been sent as a day-boarder to a school in Paris. His father gave orders that his son should be called simply "Victor," and as a recompense for good conduct, "Napoleon Victor." His day's work is from eight in the morning to six in the evening, with two hours' recreation. His mother, the Princess Clotilde, accompanied her son to school on the first morning, and entrusted, with many recommendations, an extra pair of shoes to the matron, in case of her boy coming in from the playground with wet feet. The young prince's luncheon was to have consisted of dry bread, but on the master's representation that all the boys were allowed marmalade, the stern father relaxed so far as to allow his son to enjoy the same indulgence.

The Red Woman as a Blackleg.—A very comfortable and genial-looking party of Piute females were noticed a few days since near the railroad crossing on Main street, at the upper end of Gold Hill, Nev., seated on the ground, in the pleasant sunshine, deeply engaged in a game of cards. Five or six of them were playing, and about a dozen younger squaws, "little Indians," and old bucks, were very intently looking on. They had plenty of cards about a half, apparently collected promiscuously from the sweepings of the saloons, and each squad took a grab from the main pile as often as she got out, each playing a card or two in turn upon a certain pile. The game might have been whist, euchre, seven-up, or poker, for aught that could be discovered; but if it was either of these popular games, they certainly had their own peculiar way of playing it, and precious little regard for Hoyle. They appeared to enjoy it, however, fully as well as their dusky lords do high-toned poker, and a bit ante.

Feminine Beauty at Rio.—A Rio Janeiro correspondent of the St. Louis Republic says: "Female beauty is not very common here. Perhaps the elements are not well combined. But the rich colors of the skin—more charming than the rose and more soft than the sunny peach—I have seen on the Campos Geraes, where health, climate and culture conspire to perfection. The cheeks seem animated like the diamond with inner light; the eyes are black, seldom blue, and brilliant; the dress and deportment always modest, and what they lack in regular beauty is forgotten in their amiable deportment. They have intelligence without much book knowledge. I remember a senora who asked me if my country—the United States—bordered on Spain."

Show of Marriageable Girls.—A show of marriageable young women takes place annually among the Roumanians. As the time for the fair approaches, the fathers, whose children are marriageable, collect what they can afford as a dowry. Whatever this consists of, it is packed, if possible, into a cart or carriage, and on the appointed day they all—fathers, children and chattels—start for some trysting-place, generally chosen among the western mountains of Transylvania. When the fair is opened, the

fathers climb to the tops of their carriages, and shout with the whole power of their lungs: "I have a daughter to marry. Who wants a wife?" The call is answered by some other parent who has a son he is anxious to pair off. The two parents compare notes, and if the marriage portion is satisfactory, the treaty is then and there concluded. The young man takes possession of his wife, and all her goods and chattels, and drives off merrily. If, on the other hand, the match is not equal, or for some other reason unsatisfactory, then the parents begin to cry their live merchandise once more.

Things in the Great City.—The number of horses and vehicles in use in the city of New York has been estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand. It is estimated that in the course of twenty-four hours seventeen thousand vehicles pass the Astor House. It is estimated that there are at least one hundred establishments in the city for the receipt of stolen goods, and there are as many as fifteen hundred professional thieves, and the whole number of professional criminals, of every kind and degree, is set down at three thousand. The cost of supporting the police and the city courts and prisons, for the maintenance of order and the protection of life and property, is four million, five hundred thousand dollars annually. It has been stated that there are four hundred lottery and policy offices in the city, and that the gross receipts of this business amount to fifteen thousand dollars daily. The number of streets, avenues, squares and places below Fifty-fourth street is four hundred and ninety-three. The area of the city is about twenty-two square miles, or fourteen thousand acres. The City Directory contains one hundred and eighty-nine thousand, four and forty-three names. Broadway furnishes eight thousand five hundred names; Wall street, two thousand three hundred and twenty; First avenue, two thousand seven hundred and sixty-five; and Fifth avenue, six hundred and sixty-five. The number of emigrants who have arrived in New for the last twenty years is three millions, seven hundred and sixty-four thousand and sixty-three.

The Wonders.—This world of ours is filled with wonders. The microscope reveals them not less than the telescope, each at either extreme of creation. In the insect creation, particularly, there is much to know that has never been dreamed of—wheels within wheels, without computation or number. Let us take a rapid glance at the proofs of this statement. The polypus, it is said, like the fabled hydra, receives new life from the knife which is lifted to destroy it. The fly-spider lays an egg as large as itself. There are four thousand and forty-one muscles in the caterpillar. Hooke discovered fourteen thousand mirrors in the eye of a drone; and to effect the respiration of a carp, thirteen thousand three hundred arteries, vessels, veins, bones, etc., are necessary. The body of every spider contains four little masses pierced with a multitude of imperceptible holes, each hole permitting the passage of a single thread; all the threads, to the amount of a thousand to each mass, join together when they come out, and make the single thread with which the spider spins its web; so that what we call a spider's thread consists of more than four thousand united. Leuwenhoek, by means of microscopes, observed spiders no bigger than a grain of sand, and which spun threads so fine that it took four thousand of them to equal in magnitude a single hair.

Wonderful Geological Changes.—The great changes continually taking place in the earth's surface have lately received astonishing verification in the observations of a gentleman who resides among the Sierra Nevada mountains in California. This gentleman says, that, looking westward from his house, in the Sierra Nevada, near Forestown, two thousand three hundred feet above the level of the ocean, he can see Marysville Buttes, thirty-five miles off, and the coast range one hundred and thirty or one hundred and fifty miles distant; that seven years ago one peak of the buttes appeared higher from his house than the summit of the range; that on the 4th of September last the same peak appeared to be just as high as the ridge; that he had to go seventy-five feet down the hill to make the peak appear as high above the ridge as it did before; that on the 8th of November the peak appeared from his house lower than the ridge; that when he went seventy-five feet down the hill the peak of the buttes appeared to be on a level with the ridge; that this change of level has been the subject of frequent observation with him for months, and that his brother observed it as well as himself. The change of elevation or depression indicated by the facts, if facts they are, is absolutely terrific. One of these things must be occurring: Either Forestown, on the Sierra Nevada, is rising, or the Marysville Buttes are sinking, or the coast mountains are rising at a rate altogether unprecedented in the annals of geology. None of the marvels recorded by Sir Charles Lyell approach it.

Star Beams.

Amiable mother: "Here, Tommy, is some nice castor-oil, with orange peel in it." Doctor: "Now remember, don't give it all to Tommy; leave some for me." Tommy (who has been there before): "Doctor's a nice man, ma; give it all to doctor."

The other day a priest sought audience of the Pope, and talked to him a long time about the great evils incident to the use of tobacco, closing by begging him to order all ecclesiastics to set an example of abstinence to their flocks. Pius heard him out, and then pointed to his snuff-box with the simple remark: "But I use it myself."

A lady dentist is now practicing in Berlin. She was born in Holstein, and in 1867 came to the United States to study dentistry, and having received a diploma from a female college in Philadelphia, returned to Berlin, where having obtained from the authorities permission to practice as a dentist, she has opened an office.

Lead, antimony, zinc-blende, copper and gold have lately been discovered in the Himalayas. One mine at Shigri, on the old boundary of Northern India, is described as an enormous lode, in which the ore is several feet thick and solid. The others are principally in the Vazeeri Rupi (the silver country of the Vazeers)—a name it was long known by, being so described in the maps as part of Killoo.

The Kansas Pacific Railroad has issued an order holding its baggage-masters personally responsible for damage to baggage in their charge. The order concludes: "Promptness and dispatch in doing business, and gentlemanly deportment are strictly enjoined. Be civil to every one, and answer questions courteously, no matter how simple or how foolish they may seem." We are under no immediate apprehension that the example of the Kansas Pacific will be generally followed.

A Western editor thus charges his pen with electricity: "Vivid flashes of resplendent and slippery lightning penetrate the recesses of our sanctum, and make the garret as light as day. Without, the concentrated balls of electricity are promiscuously mixed, jarring and tumbling against each other with that peculiar force which frightens timid young ladies, and awakens babies from their sweet sleep."

Cruiser Crusoe: OR, LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST.

NUMBER FIVE.

THOUGHTS of making efforts to reach the old hulk in which I had been shipwrecked had not ceased to cross my mind. The difficulty, however, of constructing a raft strong enough to carry me thither had seemed insurmountable, until I had picked up numerous spars, planks and timber, cast ashore from the remnants of the burned vessel, during and after the earthquake.

Now, therefore, I conceived that I might construct a float capable of bearing me to the wreck, aboard which, I doubted not, I should find store of every thing needful.

I at once went at work, making all haste, lest a storm should arise and put me back. The platform must be strong, thick and capable of bearing a heavy weight; hence, I determined to procure from the hills several stout trees, for the frame.

Owing to the thinness of the soil on the hills, I was enabled to tear down a number of trees; and aided by my dog, dragged them to the beach.

Selecting a lagoon communicating at high water with the sea, I commenced my structure. As remarked, I had found spars and pieces of timber with nails sticking in them.

These nails, which had been of all sizes, from the plank-nail to the spike, I had carefully preserved, so that they now came in good use.

My labor upon the raft was of long duration, especially as, meanwhile, I frequently suspended it to make journeys throughout the island. During one of these, in a direction I had not hitherto pursued, I came upon a huge, mound-like object, toward which curiosity at once led me. The mound, I soon discovered, was a cluster of gigantic reeds and grasses, some nearly sixty feet in height, and presenting the appearance of an immense sheaf of wheat standing on end.

My delight was unbounded, as I at once realized, from what I had read, that I had discovered the valuable bamboo, whose manifold uses I well knew. Its outer part, in consequence of the immense quantity of siliceous matter which enters into its composition, will strike fire with steel as well as a flint, while its canes, split into very thin pieces, are made by the Chinese, into ropes six hundred feet long, by which they tow their barges. Houses are built of it, paper is made of it, and also every article of domestic furniture.

I at once proceeded to avail myself of this discovery. By means of my saw, imperfect though it was, and my knives, I succeeded in cutting down several of the bamboos, and, using the joints as my guiding-point, divided them into proper lengths, which I purposed to lay across my raft in several directions, until it was thick enough to bear my weight, and that of any thing which I might be fortunate enough to obtain from the wreck.

I was continually, for two days, employed in cutting down the bamboo sticks, and dragging them to the beach, where, the ends being stuffed with clay, they became useful as a part of the flooring of the raft.

Halting, one afternoon, on my way to the bamboos, beneath a tree, to refresh myself, my attention was attracted by its peculiarities. It rose to the height of about forty feet, and was about fifteen inches in diameter; the bark was ash-colored, full of little chinks, and covered by small knobs. Cutting a small portion of it, from sheer curiosity, I found the inner bark fibrous, while the wood was smooth, soft, and of a yellow color.

About twelve feet above where I sat, the branches came out almost horizontally, each branch becoming smaller as it neared the top.

Placing one of the bamboos firmly against the tree, I was by great efforts able to reach the first branch, which I chopped off with my sword. A suspicion which had entered my mind was at once realized. The leaves were divided into seven or eight lobes, were about eighteen inches long, and of a lively green. It bore flowers, which my botanical eye declared to be both male and female, the former among the upper leaves, the latter at the end of the twigs. But what I chiefly noted was the fruit, which was about nine inches long, heart-shaped, of a green color, while the pulp was yellow and juicy.

It was the wondrous bread-fruit tree. This was a great discovery, as this tree, in some countries, is almost the sole support of the people, its fruit serving for food, its fibers making clothes, its male flowers used for tinder, its leaves for table-cloths, and the viscid milky juice of the young tree for bird-lime. I collected a goodly supply of the fruit, intending to eat them for supper.

When roasted, they made me a good meal, their taste being something between cooked dough, sweet potatoes, and roasted chestnuts.

This fruit was for some time a great comfort to me, two or three trees bearing a sufficient supply for one man during a whole year.

My raft now was nearly completed. It was

an ugly, awkward, unwieldy construction, at best; but then my education, though it had led me to love the sea, had not fitted me for boat-building. Still, such as it was, I resolved to adventure myself upon it. A thin bamboo served as a mast, while two others, fastened to the sides, were to take the place of oars. And thus I started, on the turn of the tide, on my voyage.

As the wreck had been carried out from its original position to a shoal of rock and shingle, I had to pursue a difficult course to get to it.

The task occupied many hours, my awkward raft getting stuck among the rocks several times, when I was obliged to get off and shove it clear.

Finally I glided alongside the shattered hulk of the once good vessel, when, by the very rope I had formerly used to swing myself clear, I succeeded in securing my float.

The hull lay on its starboard side, knocked in here and there, and seeming to show signs of breaking up. With difficulty the deck was reached by myself and dog, when Heaven knows what were the sensations which came over me, on finding myself aboard the vessel which had been the scene of so many joys and fearful perils.

It was evident that any expectations of great advantages were out of the question, the tremendous force of the tossing seas having pretty well swept the decks, though, here and there, pieces of broken wood—a material much wanted by me—lay near the lee gunwale. A topgallant studding-sail boom speedily attracted my notice, and was hove overboard.

My first visit was to the chief cabin, where the passengers used to take their meals and spend their evenings. The steward's pantry and cabin being invitingly open, I made a discovery of some importance. There was a keg of brandy, which, as a medicine and cordial, was hailed with delight; about fifteen pounds of bacon, a piece of scarlet cloth, twenty yards of coarse linen, a

pon and ammunition. These were kept in the second store-room, toward which I now directed my steps, to soon discover the treasures. There were a dozen muskets, some kegs of gunpowder, numerous bags of shot, and some rolls of lead. But what did not less please me, were some rakes, hoes, and reaping-hooks, with grain, peas, beets, turnips, etc., in bags, which I eagerly secured; after which, with my dog at my feet, I lay down on the deck, under the round-house aft, and endeavored to sleep. The thought of all my riches, however, kept me awake for some time.

Early next day, having breakfasted of biscuit and a sup of brandy, I proceeded to complete the loading of my raft, by putting on it some of the valuable coils of rope, taken from the hold. This done, raising a pole, I attached thereto the table-cloth for a sail, and started on my return, using a board, fixed as securely as possible with ropes, for a rudder.

My voyage back to False Wild Bay was long and perilous; in fact there were moments when, caught among rocks, and nearly overturned, I thought I should never succeed in getting ashore.

At length, however, toward evening, I gained my desired port, when, having partaken of a light meal, I at once commenced the work of unloading.

This was completed at about midnight, when, throwing myself down in my rocky hollow, I fell fast asleep.

With planks and bamboos, I went at work constructing a shed for the housing of my treasures. This shed was finished in about ten days, after which I made other voyages to the vessel, this time on a lighter raft, made of bamboos, which answered my purpose far better than the awkward one previously constructed.

Having at length procured from the wreck all that could be of use to me, I went at work chopping up some of the old hulk for its plank and timber.

This task occupied many days, at the end of

However, his intellectual faculties remained in his feet. The neck, after that, grew excessively large, and so remained. He was considered a very smart boy by all his parents. His temperament was very sanguinary, and he could whip any boy that didn't wear patches like he did. His principal diet was green apples and soft-soap. Being naturally ambitious, he set in to be a butcher's boy, and while he didn't dress to kill, he killed to dress, and could always take care of his bacon. His mind was not so well trained as his muscle, and many a pair of eyes had reason to bless his stars, for he always carried his game by 5 points—of his knuckles. He was very attentive to his morning devotions, and finally opened a saloon for himself, where the little in his tumblers caused a fullness in his coffers, and he forthwith started a bank in honor of that ancient Egyptian, Pharo, who is so numerous in these latter days, and with more checks than he ever got at the Red Sea ferry. Knowing well the ropes of the prize-ring, he frequently punched a nose for mere fancy, and as a member of the fancy.

His last battle was with the celebrated Hoky Poky. In this mill he was sent to the ground, getting be-knighted and belted to his heart's content; so much so, that he retired to his native claret.

He was a great upholder of the superiority of the American Races, and used to say that if he should ever die, it would be a pleasure to him all his life to be buried under his native turf. On account of his growing wealth and commanding presence, he began to flourish in the compass of the upper circles, and built a mansion on the square. Having great hold upon the affections of the people—for merit will always tell in this country—he said he wouldn't care to go to Congress; and, as he knew how to handle private polls, the public polls declared in his favor, and the sovereigns of Europe were straightway notified, while bonfires were built in Patagonia. And now, my dear readers, I lay before you this *ought-n't biography* of a self-made man, that you may go immediately into training, and that you may also become intelligent and enlightened Congressmen.

THE MAN OF BONE: OR, THE SOAP-FAT MAN.

I MAY class this man as the noblest native of Grease of them all. Deprived of his parents several years before he was born, the career of this orphan presents a series of remarkable facts, which may be relied on—as I tell them myself. Kicked about the world, like any other dog, and early learning the delights and pleasures of poverty—without money, he acquired the principles of honesty that frequently took wise heads in the police courts to decide upon.

He always said, "The soap-fat business is the slickest way to make money that Hi knows on." He was the slimmest fellow I ever saw; he seemed to be always getting lean as he was getting fat.

When I close my eyes, I can recall him as I used to see him going down street, in an old cart containing another cask of bones, with a short pipe in his mouth, which always made me look at the back of his neck to see if the stem didn't go clear through—his clothes, greasy enough to have made an extra kettle of soap, and full of holes, for he considered it wasn't genteel to wear patches.

There he sat, driving an old horse that looked as if his bones would figure in the next boil; indeed, the horse and man looked for all the world as if they had both been cut off the same piece.

I remember of meeting him after he retired from the classical halls of Sing Sing. He had got back into his old clothes. Putting his hat a little more on one side, and adjusting his cravat as if it was a rope, said he to me:

"Old 'oss, Hi want you to git me the nomination for the legislature."

"Ah," said I, "what's up now?"

He spit on my boot, and says he:

"Wy, you see Hi want to do the State some service in both 'ouses, and Hi'll pay you, or 'p'int you street-commissioner."

"I'll do it this afternoon," said I, and told him the trouble wouldn't be worth any pay at all.

So, matters being satisfactorily arranged, he borrowed five dollars of me to bind the bargain, and we parted. I got him the nomination right off, and went on the hunt of him that night. But he had changed his mind, he said, married a cook, and was going into his old trade again. So the old horse and cart were revived, and the old song, too, that had only one bar, and that was "soap-fat!" and he told me some time after, that, by diligently attending to his own and other people's business, he was laying up money, and he looked greasier than ever.

Then I left the city, and over several years there was a blank—rather, a great grease-spot. When I returned, I found him living very humbly in a modest marble mansion down-town.

On inquiring, I found that during the war he had taken a contract to furnish soap to the soldiers, for the purpose of washing and cleaning out the rebellion. So there he lives, charitably spending large sums for diamonds and silks, and giving benevolent dinners to the hungry rich—raised, as it were, by his own salaratus—a man of remark.

Yours, cheap, BEAT TIME.



few damaged towels and table-cloths, some small ropes, and a locker which contained broken biscuit. Of the latter, both my dog and myself made a meal, though the dough was moldy and otherwise injured.

All this plunder was taken on deck, when I considered as to how it should be transferred to the raft.

The task must require extreme care and time. I therefore resolved to pass the night on board the wreck, as it would be dark before my labor was completed.

In the hold, among a confusion of bales, coils of rope, boxes, etc., I had found the carpenter's chest—a great treasure indeed, with its wealth of tools.

I knocked the boxes to pieces, and then, having ample time before me, I went at work planking over the surface of my raft. Then, finding boards in the hold, I proceeded to nail them round the sides of my platform, thus strengthening it so that it might easily bear my loads.

The way in which the seas had knocked about the ship had left little more of value to be obtained. The water-casks were nearly all stove in; it was with great difficulty that two watertight ones were found.

Some small rum-kegs were also obtained, and put aboard the raft.

I had stripped the carpenter's chest, which gave me some axes, a crowbar, three hammers, a moderately-sized saw, a plane and auger, some chisels, files, and a bag of nails.

In the captain's room, I could only find some money, a quadrant and a telescope, with a compass—the cabin windows having been knocked in, so as to give free scope to the waves, which had carried away or destroyed the best of the contents of the apartment.

Some barrels containing split peas, grain, flour, an old-fashioned lamp, and a jar of oil, rewarded my search in the store-room.

I now recalled to mind that my uncle, whose estates were on the extreme borders of Virginia, had provided himself with a fine case of wea-

which time I had piled up almost enough material for a small ship-yard, near False Wild Bay.

Meanwhile I frequently visited my cavern at Battle Pool.

One day, entering this, I was astonished to discover what had previously escaped my attention: a large hole, about five feet high and two wide. Into this, having my lamp with me, I crawled, advancing along a sort of corridor, to where fissures above me admitted light. The stupendous nature of the cave now became apparent, extending, as it probably did, into the heart of the mountains.

While I was reflecting on this, my dog crouched at my feet, fascinated, blinded, unable to resist some fearful attraction.

I could see two bright spots ahead like coils of fire. I raised my gun and discharged it, when I beheld a serpent, about forty feet long, coming with horrible hiss toward us, uncoiling its huge folds, as if preparatory to our destruction.

Beat Time's Men of Mark.

"'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange—'tis funny."

THE MAN OF MUSCLE.

He was born. I call particular attention to this fact, as in most biographies it is omitted, thereby leaving the reader in doubt as to whether the man was ever born or not. From the beginning, he created a noise in the world, and even in the early days of pug-nose was so pug-illistic that he brought everybody to time. His feet, when he was four years old, began to assume strange proportions, growing so large that it was hard to tell if the feet belonged to the child, or the child to the feet; really, the feet seemed likely to absorb the whole body, and it was only by diligently lathing and plastering his back that he got to his original shape.